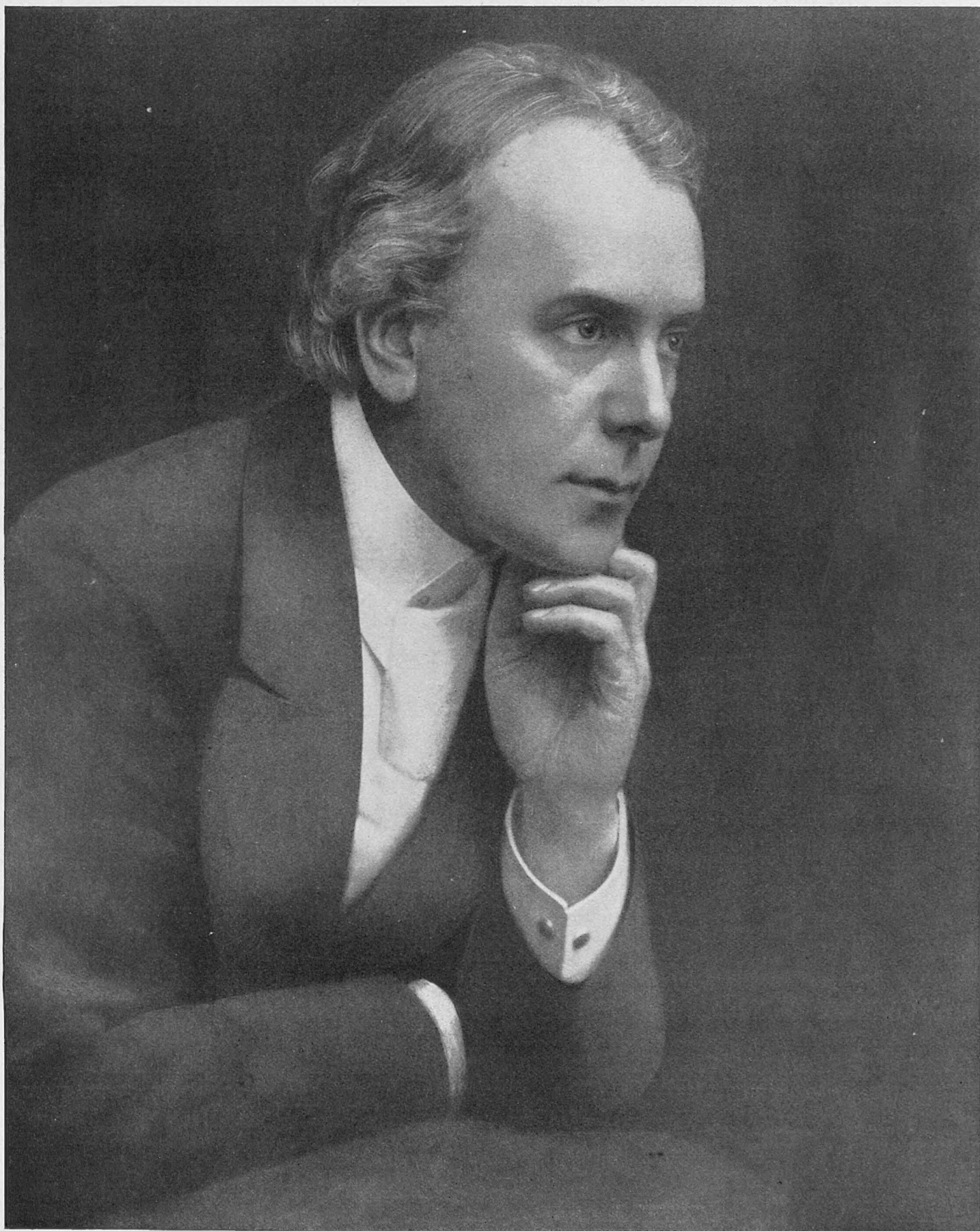




No. 553.—VOL. XLIII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1903.

SIXPENCE.



MR. E. S. WILLARD,

WHO OPENED HIS SEASON AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE WITH "THE CARDINAL" ON MONDAY LAST.

Photograph by J. Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



I HAVE been spending a few days at Colchester. "Why Colchester?" exclaims the tidy-minded reader. Well, simply for the reason that I had never been there before. My sporting friend, you may remember, cancelled his invitation to the moors on account of the rain; I had to go somewhere; I went to Colchester. My first act of patronage, of course, was the purchase of a guide-book. Then I turned to the index and looked for "Oysters." To my amazement, there was no mention of oysters in the index. This was annoying, for I was anxious to study the creatures in their native beds. "Colne" was my next quest, but the index ignored the existence of any such river. Filled with amazement, I hailed a cabman, and demanded to know whether this was the Colchester of oyster-feast fame. The cabman was enjoying a straw. He removed it from his mouth slowly, turned his head heavily, regarded me sullenly, nodded slightly, and put the straw back again. "Seems a nice town," I observed. The cabman removed the straw, spat luxuriously, gazed, with watery eyes, at the Town Hall, and grunted out a monosyllabic assent. "Anything going on?" I persisted. The cabman examined his boots minutely, and continued to masticate the straw. "Not since the murder," he replied, at length.

Feeling that the fellow was not in the mood for conversation, I wandered down the High Street until I met a policeman. A policeman, you may have observed, is always willing to talk. Even at Colchester, where the art of conversation has not been cultivated to any remarkable degree, the police are very patient in answering questions. "Any more murders lately?" I began, genially. "No," said the policeman, "no." The fact of his repeating the word spoke volumes for his amiability. I was encouraged to continue. "Let me see," I pondered, wrinkling my brow, "who was it that did the murder?" "Why," said the constable, aghast at my ignorance, "a soldier." "Of course," I replied, hastily; "how stupid of me! And he murdered—er—er—" The policeman waited for me. "A girl," he prompted, at last. "Sweetheart?" I suggested. "Something o' that," was his guarded answer. "I suppose he'll be hung," I commented. The policeman looked at me suspiciously. "Or perhaps not," I corrected myself, hastily. "You don't know much about it, and that's a fact," said the constable, severely; "he's bin 'ung." "Really!" I exclaimed. "When was the crime committed, then?" "Whit-Monday," said the policeman, and, turning grandly, he moved away down the street. As for me, I meandered into my hotel, sat down in the empty reading-room, and continued my study of the guide-book.

The guide-book, notwithstanding the omissions in the index, was a good one. It told me, for example, that Colchester was built by "Old King Cole"—the merry old soul, you will recollect, who called for his pipe, and called for his bowl, and called for his fiddlers three. I suppose he, too, had discovered that the air of Essex does not stimulate conversation. The guide-book also advised me to visit "the picturesque vale of Dedham, immortalised by the genius of the artist Constable." I reserved that excursion for the following day, and, in the meantime, asked the hotel-porter—really, I am afraid I made myself a great nuisance—where the local theatre was situated. The porter informed me that there were two theatres—the Theatre Royal and the Grand Theatre. Of these, however, the Grand Theatre was only half-built, so that my best plan, we agreed, would be to visit the Theatre Royal. There I found a musical comedy entitled "The Gay Grisette," one of those concoctions that go as they please for as long as they please and appear to please everybody. At any rate, I found the good people of Colchester roaring and rocking with laughter, most of the fun being made by Mr. Charles Adeson, a comedian new to me, but a first-rate workman. We ought to have Mr. Adeson in London.

At six o'clock next morning I was awakened from dreams of Dick Whittington by the chiming of the beautiful bells in the Town Hall. Such a volume of sound, indeed, floated in at my window that I reached out for the guide-book and was not surprised to find in the index, "Bells, Town Hall." Turning to page 61, I read with a certain sense of disappointment that the large tenor bell weighed no more than twenty-five hundredweight. On each bell, by the way, there is a piece of poetry. One stanza runs as follows—

"Brief, clear, and bold,
We say our say,
And then straightway
Our peace we hold."

There was such a reassuring ring about these lines that I put down the guide-book, turned over, and went to sleep again. But at seven o'clock, to my dismay, the bells, clear and bold, said their say again, and I decided that I might as well get up and derive as much benefit as possible from the delightfully fresh air of the early morning. A little rain was falling, but I pretended to take no notice of it. The townspeople, I concluded, had become accustomed to the clearness and boldness of the bells. At any rate, the streets were empty and most of the blinds still drawn down.

As the day advanced, the rain fell more heavily. True to my custom of disregarding weather when on a holiday, however, I hired a fly and instructed the man to drive me to Dedham. "And just let me know," I added, "when we come to a Constable picture." The man flicked at the horse, the horse shook itself uneasily, and we lumbered off. After we had been driving for half-an-hour or so, the fly stopped. At the risk of getting a shower-bath on the nape of my neck, I put my head out of the window and asked whether there was anything to see. The fellow pointed with his whip. "That there," he mumbled, unwillingly, "is Manningtree." I gazed in the direction indicated by the whip, and saw a tall chimney in the far distance that effectually defaced the none-too-picturesque landscape. "Thank you," I murmured, drawing in my head hastily and pulling up the window. We drove on. Presently we turned into a village street. The cabman climbed off the box and opened the door of the cab. I noticed that we had come to a halt immediately opposite the village inn. "This be Dedham," he observed. "Very well," said I. "I thought maybe you'd be wanting to climb the church-tower," he explained. "How high is it?" I asked. "A hundred and thirty-one feet," said the cabman, proudly. "Drive on," I commanded. . . . That night I returned to London.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor has taught us that no holiday is complete without a book. During my brief visit to Colchester, therefore, I made a point of reading Seton Merriman's new novel, "Barlasch of the Guard." I took this particular book with me because, among modern novelists, Mr. Merriman is one of those that I sincerely admire. It was just my luck, therefore, to find his new novel as disappointing as the Constable country. That it is workmanlike I need hardly say; the story of the retreat from Moscow is masterly in the extreme. But the romance of Désirée and her soldier-husband is sketchy and uninteresting. Even old Barlasch, the grizzled, mercenary, soft-hearted, chivalrous veteran, seems a shadowy, unreal personage. The author, indeed, gives us too much Napoleon and too little Barlasch. The historical part of his book, I imagine, interested him far more than the story itself, and the result, inevitably, is a dull novel. Mr. Merriman can spin yarns, and good yarns, so admirably that the novel-reading world cannot afford to let him dabble in history to the exclusion of romance.

MR. E. S. WILLARD AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

GUIDO BAGLIONI
MR. C. FULTON



FILIBERTA
MISS N. LINDSEY

BARTOLOMMEO CHIGI
MR. F. VOLPE



ANDREA STROZZI
MR. H. WARING

CLARICIA DE
MEDICI
MISS HELEN
FERRERS



CARDINAL GIOVANNI DE
MEDICI
MR. E. S. WILLARD

RALPH CLEAVER 1903

SKETCHES OF "THE CARDINAL" BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

Various Ways of Voyaging by Sea—An Experiment—The "Argonaut" in the North Sea.

THERE are few manners of travelling by sea that I am not acquainted with. I have been the guest of a Captain on a big battleship, which is rather a full-dress method of absorbing ozone. One watches the work of the day on board as a privileged spectator, and each evening brings its rather formal dinner-party, with one or two of the ship's officers as guests, and a game of "Bridge" or the centre-seats at a sing-song to finish the evening. The very best and most genial of naval Captains have to be rather on their dignity on board ship, and I trust that it is not ungrateful to say that I was not sorry sometimes to escape from the splendid isolation of the stern-cabins to the good-fellowship of the Ward-room and the merriment of the middies in the Gun-room.

I have crossed the Atlantic several times on the "greyhounds" of various lines, which go at such a speed that there is almost always too great a wind on deck for real comfort and which are always a-tremble with the vibration of the great engines, and I have eaten on board every luxury that can be carried in cold storage, with some of the strangest people possible as table-neighbours. One quiet gentleman got into very serious trouble in the smoking-room, and he and another equally silent person were forced to tear up cheques they had received from a youngster for card-debts, and, furthermore, were met at New York on the landing-stage by a brace of detectives. Another curious neighbour I had once on a Cunarder was an old Irishman, a Fenian of the Fenians, who was returning to his native land for the first time, having been absent from it for fifty years, and who carried in his breast-pocket a great revolver which bulged out his coat in unmistakable outline. Whether he fancied that the constabulary and the soldiery were on the look-out for him on landing or whether his "gun" was the companion of a lifetime I did not inquire, for, though he was a merry soul on occasions, any mention of the Green Isle set free a stream of vituperation against the Castle and its myrmidons which became wearisome. I should never cross the Atlantic as a pleasure-trip, and the best that can be said for the great steamers is that they shorten all the disagreeables as much as possible, and that the inner man of the passengers is most excellently catered for. If, on an Atlantic liner, the solitary man never knows whom he may sit next to at dinner, on a P. and O., he will, if he is a soldier or a Civil Servant, know, or know of, nineteen

out of every twenty people on board. When I was quartered in the Far East, and used to run backwards and forwards to England as often as the tolerance of kindly Generals, friendly Colonels, an elastic scale of leave, and an ever-contracting account at Cox's would permit, I knew every Captain on the line, and could have jotted down the place on the table of precedence and the income of ninety out of every hundred passengers. One knew almost too much of all one's neighbours when Eastward bound.

Yachting in home waters is delightful, and this year I have had a splendid time on a racing-cutter, which had room easily for three guests and the owner on board her; but one cannot make any far journeys in a sailing-boat, and, besides, my friend and host, who is a regular blow-hard, has taken his craft up to the west coast of Scotland, where, when the skies do not rain, the wind blows, and therefore I, being a fair-weather sailor, have deserted him.

I love the sea when I can sail in reasonable comfort. I have three weeks with nothing in particular to do—for, with all deference to my colleague, Keble Howard, London is uninhabitable during August and September, and the partridges have all been drowned down in my part of the country—therefore I am trying an experiment. I have always longed to see the Northern capitals, Christiania and Stockholm, Copenhagen and St. Petersburg, and it so chanced that Dr. Lunn was sending his boat, the *Argonaut*, on a "co-operative cruise"

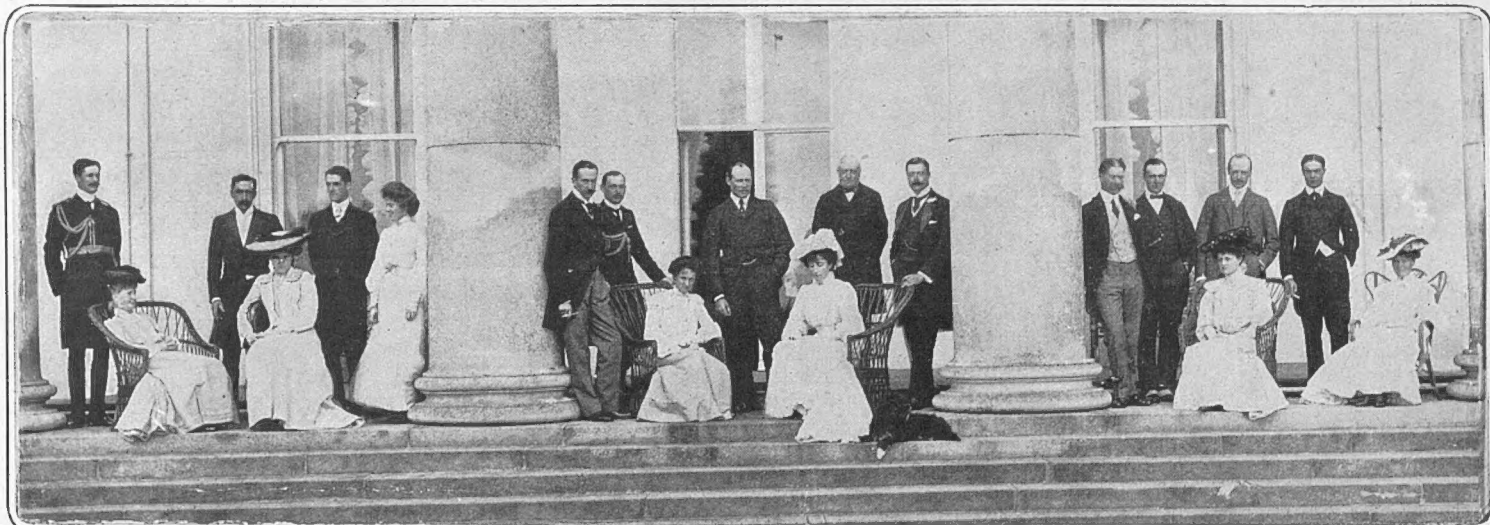
round the places that I have wanted to go to at the time that I could get away from England. I hate the idea of being "herded," and a cabin to myself is a necessity of sea-life, so when I come to our various anchorages I shall see the towns in my own leisurely fashion, probably omitting at least three-quarters of those sights which everyone should see, and I have a very roomy cabin, with its port-hole well above the water-line, in which I can strew around my clothes as I wish and where I can get up and go to bed and dress for dinner at any hour I choose.

The Royal Dublin Society's Horse Show at Balls Bridge last week was one of the most successful on record. On the first day (Tuesday) there was an enormous crowd of visitors, including the Lord-Lieutenant, accompanied by the Earl of Coventry and some of his guests, while the Duke of Connaught paid a private visit during the afternoon. On the third and most fashionable day the assemblage was of a brilliant description, and on this occasion the Lord-Lieutenant, the Countess of Dudley, and their guests drove from Viceregal Lodge in full State, escorted by a squadron of Lancers. Friday brought to a close a Show remarkable for the high quality and uniformity of merit in the exhibits.



DUBLIN HORSE SHOW: MR. C. J. WERTHEIMER'S HOPWOOD SQUIRE AND JUBILEE KING, WINNERS OF THE DOUBLE-HARNESS PRIZE.

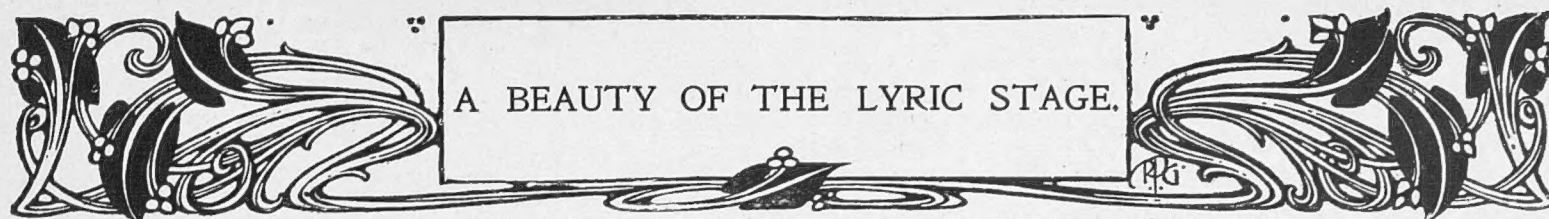
From Left—Hon. Gerald Ward, Mr. Mellor, Mr. Nickalls, Earl of Sefton, Major the Hon. Murrough O'Brien, Mr. Marjoribanks, Earl of Coventry, Earl of Dudley, Major G. F. Lambart, Mr. Hugh Owen, Marquis of Waterford, and Hon. Cyril Ward.



Countess of Coventry. Lady Evelyn Ward. Mrs. Marjoribanks. Marchioness of Waterford. Countess of Dudley. Mrs. Charles Coventry. Lady Dorothy Coventry.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY'S HORSE SHOW: HOUSE-PARTY AT VICEREGAL LODGE.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



MISS MARY FRASER (SISTER OF MISS AGNES FRASER),
NOW PLAYING IN "THE SCHOOLGIRL," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

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MATS. WEDS. and SATS. at 2.30. A new Comedy Opera in two Acts, entitled
MY LADY MOLLY. Music by Sidney Jones. Book and Lyrics by G. H. Jessop.

GARRICK.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and MISS VIOLET
VANBRUGH EVERY EVENING at 9 in THE BISHOP'S MOVE.
At 8.15, THE SOOTHING SYSTEM. WEDNESDAY MATINEES at 2.30.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.—New Play.—Proprietor, Charles
Wyndham. Lessee and Manager, Mr. Frank Curzon. EVERY EVENING, at 9,
GLITTERING GLORIA. Mr. James Welch, his Bulldog, and Full Cast. Preceded, at 8.30,
by JUDGED BY APPEARANCES. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 3.

STRAND THEATRE.—Mr. Frank Curzon, Proprietor and
Manager.
A CHINESE HONEYMOON (8 o'clock).
(ESTABLISHED A.D. MCMI.)
By George Dance. Music by Howard Talbot.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY, at 2.15.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager,
Mr. Frank Curzon.—George Edwardes's and Charles Frohman's Company. THE
SCHOOLGIRL, at 8.15. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY, at 2.

COMEDY THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. Wm. Greet.
Under the Management of Mr. Frank Curzon.
Messrs. REEVES-SMITH and SYDNEY VALENTINE'S SEASON.
SATURDAY, Sept. 5, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30,
THE CLIMBERS, by Clyde Fitch.
An Original Modern Play in Four Acts.
FIRST MATINEE WEDNESDAY, Sept. 3, at 2.30, and every WEDNESDAY and
SATURDAY. Box Office now open to 5.

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palaces as the Savoy and Carlton. In this hotel you certainly have no reason to sigh for any other
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DONCASTER RACES, 1903.

The Summer Service of Express and other Passenger Trains will be maintained and the following
additional Trains will be run—

	Tuesday, Wednesday, & Thursday, Sept. 8, 9, and 10.		Monday, Sept. 7.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
King's Cross ... dep.	9A53	3 18		
Doncaster ... arr.	12A50	6 28		

	Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 8 and 9.		Friday, Sept. 11.		Saturday, Sept. 12.	
	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Doncaster ... dep.	6A10	3 35	4 15	4 35	4A50	9B39
King's Cross ... arr.	9A20	6 50	7 45	8 0	8A15	1B 2

A—Luncheon or Dining Cars for First and Third Class passengers are attached to these trains,
and passengers who desire to travel in the Cars must take Luncheon or Dinner Tickets at the
Booking Office, King's Cross, or Station Master's Office, Doncaster, respectively.
B—Will stop at Wood Green, Alexandra Park, to set down passengers desiring to visit
Alexandra Park Races.

SPECIAL FAST TRAINS FOR THE CONVEYANCE OF HORSES will leave Doncaster
on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Sept. 10, 11, and 12, at 7.40 a.m. for Retford, Grantham,
Peterborough, Hitchin, London, and the South of England, and at 6.50 a.m. for York, intermediate
stations, and North-Eastern System. On Saturday, Sept. 12, at 8.30 a.m. for Retford, Grantham,
Peterborough, Hitchin, and London.

Special Time Tables will be issued at Doncaster on "St. Leger" and "Cup" Days, showing
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Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.

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The Editor is always open to consider short stories (three thousand words
in length), short sets of verses, and illustrated articles of a topical or general
nature. Stories and verses are paid for according to merit: general
articles at a fixed rate.

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Sept. 2, 1903.

Signature.....



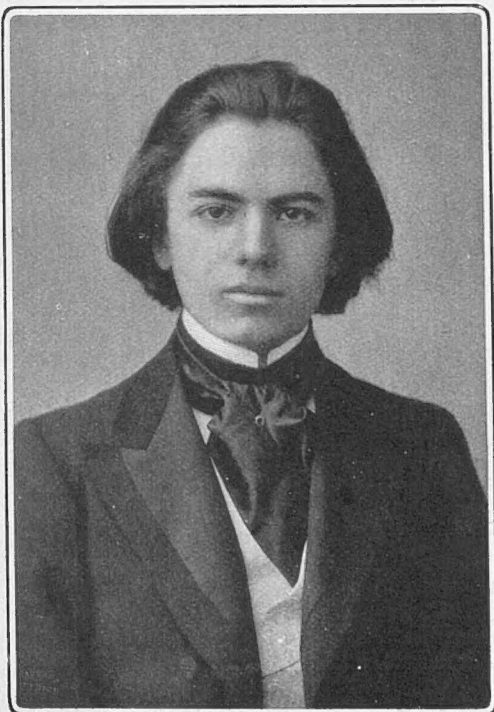
SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

VIENNA is the Capital of etiquette and of old-world Royal ceremonial, and the King, who has so keen an eye for the picturesque and so true a love of stately ceremonial, will certainly enjoy his short sojourn among the hospitable Viennese. Lord Pembroke, who, as Lord Steward, is in attendance on His Majesty, is admirably fitted for the rôle, for he is the best-looking British Peer of his age. Many or Count Albert Mensdorf's

English friends will be interested to learn that his elder brother, the Prince of Dietrichstein and Nikolsburg, is in attendance on our Sovereign, the fact being a delicate compliment to His Majesty, for the Mensdorfs are connected by blood with the great Saxe-Coburg clan. The King's stay in Vienna will be clouded by the memory of the hapless Crown Prince Rudolph, with whom His Majesty, as Prince of Wales, was on terms of affectionate friendship and in whose young daughter he and Queen Alexandra have always taken a kindly interest.

Kubelik, the Married Man.

The innumerable admirers of the great violinist, Jan Kubelik, must have felt, early last week, much thrilled by the news of his marriage. The bride is a lovely young widow, the Countess von Csáky-Szell; she belongs to the Hungarian nobility, and it seems that everything connected with her second marriage was romantic, from her first meeting with Kubelik onwards. The Countess first saw the great violinist at a concert in Hungary, and it seems to have been, on both sides, literally a case of love at first sight, Herr Kubelik being at the time only nineteen, and the youthful widow about a year older. At first, the course of true love did not run smooth; but, at last, all objection was smoothed away, and the happy pair have received the congratulations of all musical Europe. They are, it seems, spending their honey-moon at Marienbad, and certainly the many English visitors at this popular "cure" will give them a very warm and kindly welcome.



HERR JAN KUBELIK, RECENTLY MARRIED TO THE COUNTESS VON CSÁKY-SZELL.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

Vivian twins who have the pleasure of being the Queen's Maids-of-Honour, are the daughters of the late Lord Swansea. They are striking-looking girls and were among last Season's beauties. Miss Alexandra Vivian's fiancé is a handsome young soldier, Mr. Alexander Leith, a nephew of Lord Carnwath. Notwithstanding his youth, he fought in the South African War and distinguished himself in the defence of Ladysmith. The marriage will probably take place in

the late autumn, and the bride will certainly receive a number of Royal wedding-presents. The news of Lady Agnes Townshend's engagement to Mr. James Durham is of considerable interest to Cornish folk and to the greater world of swimmers. Some people consider her the best woman swimmer in the kingdom, and when staying with her aunt, Lady St. Levan, at St. Michael's Mount, she performs remarkable feats in the clear waters which surround that picturesque stronghold. Lady Agnes is also a niece of Lady Audrey Buller, who has often chaperoned her of late years.

The Doncaster Week will be, from a social point of view, the excuse for the most brilliant gathering seen there for many years. This will be partly owing to the fact that the King is to be present on the historic racecourse as the guest of Lord and Lady Savile, who are bringing together a typical Royal house-party at Rufford Abbey in honour of the Sovereign's visit. All the great houses in the neighbourhood are to be filled with guests, but apparently the Prince of Wales has postponed till next year his Doncaster Week visit to Nostell Priory, where, however, Lord and Lady St. Oswald will be entertaining a party. Yet another cheery gathering which always takes place each autumn is that held under the hospitable roof of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson, at Warter Priory. They do things in splendid fashion, bringing over their friends to Doncaster each day by special train, and providing a race-luncheon of such generous proportions that even their friends' friends are made welcome to partake of it.



COUNTESS MARIANNE VON CSÁKY-SZELL, THE BRIDE OF HERR KUBELIK.

Photograph by Pictner, Vienna.

The Garter and the Wardenship.

The death of Lord Salisbury leaves vacant the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports and also places a much-coveted Garter at the disposal of the Prime Minister. The Wardenship of the Cinque Ports is peculiarly covetable by those who, loving the sea, are compelled to live inland, for to it is attached the delightful privilege of dwelling at Walmer Castle. This privilege is said to have been the most valued by the great Duke of Wellington of any of those obtained by him during his long and glorious career. As regards the Garter, much speculation is rife as to who will be considered worthy of so great an honour. Though a certain statesman is said to have observed that what he liked in the distinction was that there was "no damned merit

about it," as an actual fact the Garter is now bestowed only on those who are meritorious as well as highly born. And though, doubtless, the choice among these last is in no sense limited, many whose names leap to mind in connection with the coveted "K.G." have either already the right to put those eloquent letters after their name or have been before overlooked for some very significant reason. There is an impression that Lord Salisbury's Garter will be absorbed, for, strictly speaking, there are already two more Knights than the number allowed by the statutes of the Order.

Lord Salisbury's Death.

Although the passing away of Lord Salisbury will produce no perceptible effect in the political arena, it is an event which moves the world. He was the last of the mighty Victorian figures. His authority, unlike that of any living British statesman, was recognised throughout the Continent. Lord Salisbury was the greatest of England's Foreign Ministers since Palmerston. Count Corti's description of him as "a lath painted to look like iron" was quoted with tiresome repetition by opponents who sneered at his "graceful concessions" to Foreign Powers, but recently there has been a general disposition to admit that he took longer and broader views than his critics. At the end of his days he may well have said, "I have done the State some service."

His Aloofness. It is amazing that in a country where the Press and the Platform share rule with Parliament, Lord Salisbury should have been a dictator for many years. He neglected and scorned the arts of the agitator, and kept out of public view



VISCOUNT CRANBORNE, THE NEW MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

Photograph by Russell, Baker Street, W.

as much as possible. Instead of fawning on the populace, Lord Salisbury forgot the faces of supporters and the names of subordinates. He himself declared that he never saw Mr. Parnell, and it was said a few years ago that he had never spoken to Mr. John Morley. Although amiable and courteous, he was not sociable nor accessible. His isolation may have been responsible to some extent for his "blazing indiscretions."

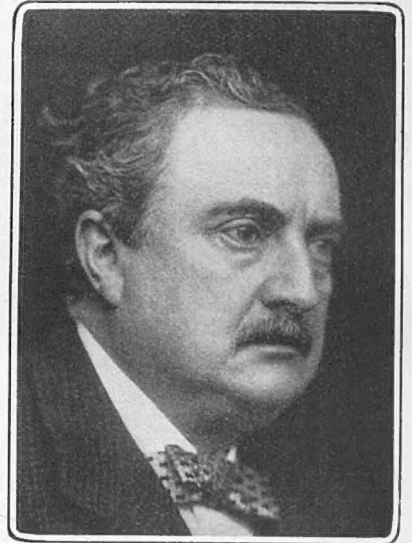
Leader of the Lords.

The Marquis of Salisbury refused to treat the House of Lords as "a mere echo and supple tool" of another place. He frightened more timid statesmen by his boldness, but he lived to see the Upper House strong and popular. Even Radicals nowadays thank Heaven there is a House of Lords. For more than twenty years the Marquis was its chief ornament, and his speeches were its greatest intellectual pleasure. To the last he was a master of the gibes and flouts and jeers to which Disraeli referred in what "Dizzy" himself regarded as "a humorous apology," but these did not sting. There was no personal animosity in the great Marquis, and he made no personal enemies.

The New Marquis of Salisbury.

Lord Cranborne, who succeeds his father as Marquis of Salisbury, is too well-known a figure in the world of politics to need much description. Born in London in October 1861, he was educated at Eton and University College, Oxford. He entered Parliament at the early age of twenty-four, as Member for the Darwen Division of North-East Lancashire, which constituency he represented for seven years.

Defeated in 1892, in the following year he returned to the House as Member for Rochester, and was unopposed at the last election. He is Lieutenant-Colonel of the 4th (Militia) Battalion of the Bedfordshire Regiment, with which he served in South Africa during the Boer War, receiving a mention in despatches. The new Lady Salisbury is a daughter of the late Earl of Arran, and sister of the present Earl and of Mabell, Countess of Airlie, and Lady Esther Smith, wife of the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P. Three years ago, Lord Cranborne became Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. By his succession a vacancy occurs in the representation of Rochester, and a re-arrangement of offices will also be necessary before the next meeting of Parliament, otherwise both the Secretary of State (Lord Lansdowne) and the Under-Secretary would be in the Upper House. The new Marquis's son and heir, named Robert after the late Lord Salisbury, has just completed his tenth year.



MR. JOHN REDMOND, M.P., LEADER OF THE IRISH PARTY.

Photograph by Beresford.

Although Mr. John Redmond is very unlike the late Charles Stewart Parnell, many of his fellow-countrymen recognise in him a leader possessed of the same great qualities of leadership. He is certainly the finest and most eloquent speaker of the present Irish Party in the Commons, and he has a typically Irish face—in fact, it would be impossible to mistake him for anyone but an Irishman. Still, unlike so many gifted sons of Erin, he has a marvellous capacity for holding his tongue on occasions when he feels convinced that it would be unwise to speak. Even his enemies admit that he has pulled the Nationalist Party together and has almost restored it to its old powerful position in British politics. He is on good terms with Mr. George Wyndham, to whom he has been of considerable assistance in steering the Irish Land Bill safe to port.

Cardinal Vaughan's Successor.

As was the case with the election of Pope Pius X., the appointment of Dr. Bourne to succeed Cardinal Vaughan as Archbishop of Westminster caused some surprise in Roman Catholic and other circles. Until almost the last moment it was thought that the choice would fall on either Bishop Hedley, of Newport, or Dr. Gasquet, the historical writer. Monsignore Merry del Val, the third candidate on



DR. BOURNE, THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

the list, had been especially recommended by a very powerful section, but, inasmuch as a foreigner would scarcely be acceptable to English Catholics as their Primate, the Congregation of the Propaganda immediately eliminated his name. Dr. Hedley was considered to be too old, and Dr. Gasquet would probably have been appointed had he not belonged to the same Benedictine Order as the Bishop of Newport, so that it was thought inadvisable to promote him over his superior's head. Dr. Bourne's name had been put forward by some of his admirers and friends among the clergy and laity, and he was finally accepted by a unanimous vote.

The Right Rev. Francis Bourne was born at Clapham in 1861, so that he is now only in his forty-third year. He was educated at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw; St. Edmund's College, Ware; St. Sulpice, Paris; and finally at Louvain University. Ordained priest some nineteen years ago, he worked at Blackheath, Mortlake, West Grinstead, and Henfield, Sussex. At the latter place he established a Seminary, and in 1889 he was appointed Rector of the Southwark Diocesan Seminary, near Guildford. Six years later he was named Domestic Prelate to Pope Leo XIII., and in 1896 was consecrated by Cardinal Vaughan titular Bishop of Epiphania and appointed Bishop Coadjutor to the Bishop of Southwark, with right of succession. A year later, when, owing to his great age, Dr. Butt retired, Dr. Bourne became Bishop.

The new Archbishop is a kindly man, possessed of great tact and affability, and these qualities, together with his tireless energy, soon conciliated those—and they were many—who opposed his advancement as Coadjutor on the ground that he was a comparatively unknown man. Dr. Bourne is the fourth prelate to occupy the Archiepiscopal throne of Westminster since the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy in 1850, Cardinals Wiseman, Manning, and Vaughan having in turn preceded him.

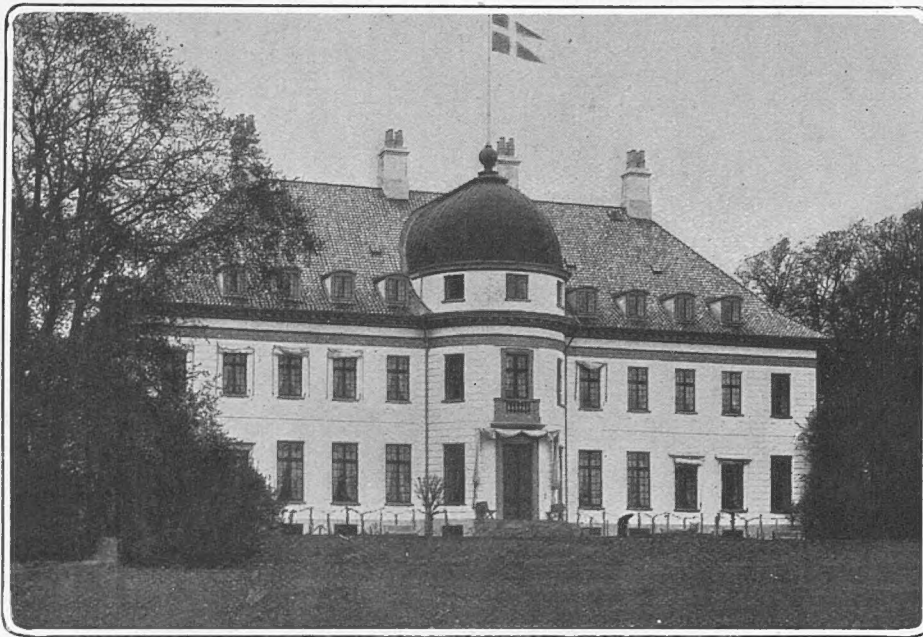
The Queen's Danish Visit.

Queen Alexandra will shortly leave Scotland for her annual autumn visit to her beloved father, the venerable Christian IX. Each year the King of Denmark delights to gather about him at Fredensborg his ever-increasing circle of descendants; and there, doubtless, our gentle Queen will this autumn have the pleasure of presenting to him the youngest of his great-grandsons, who is also Her Majesty's grandchild,

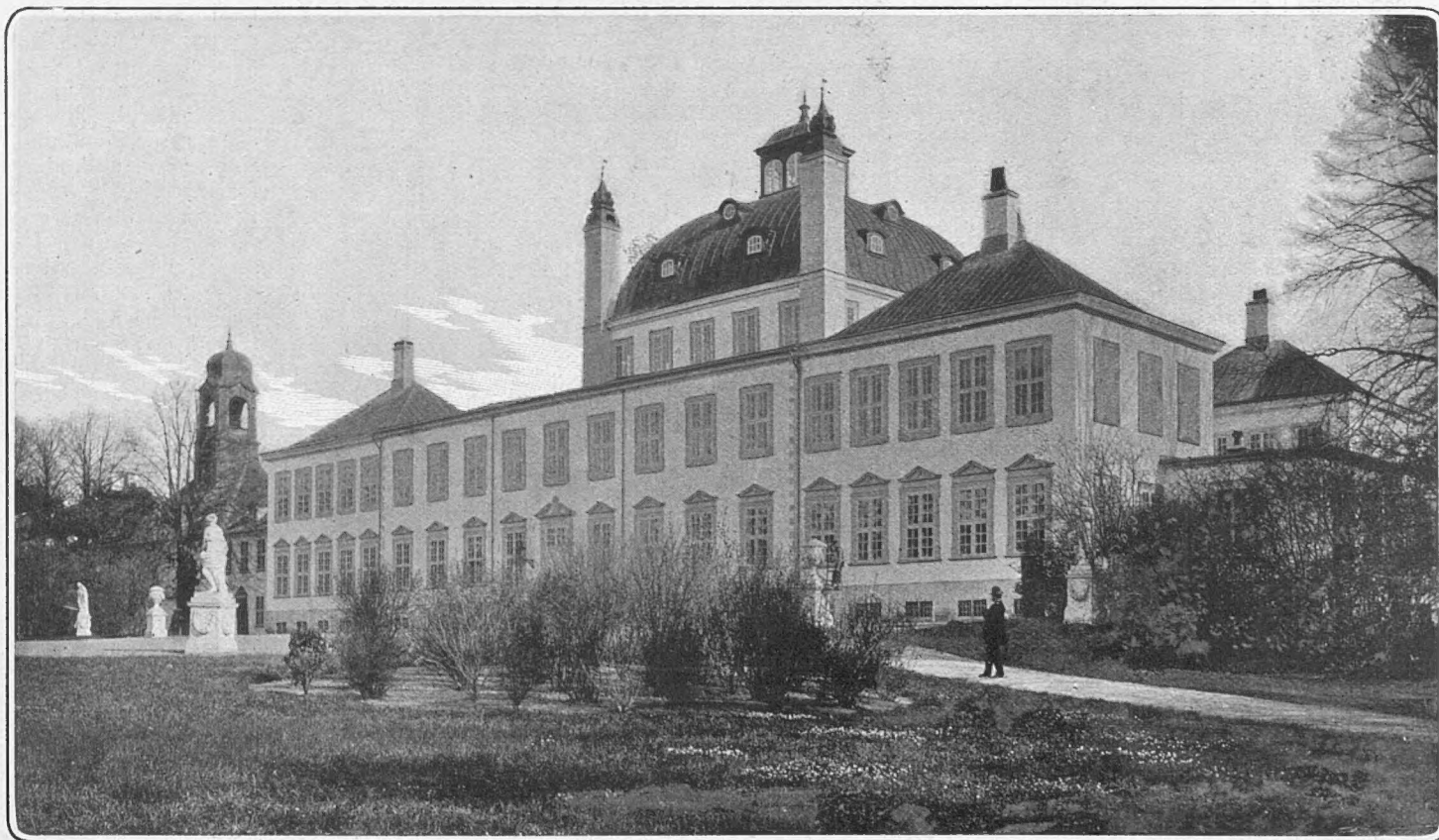
the baby Prince Alexander, who, though born in Norfolk, is a Danish Prince. Fredensborg, which is the Danish Royal Family's favourite country home, is the largest of King Christian's country palaces, and so can accommodate, without too much overcrowding, the very large party of visitors who are gathered together there during the September and October of every year. Situated some thirty miles from Copenhagen, this beautiful country palace is to Queen Alexandra full of the dearest and most sacred associations; there, as a young married woman, she spent with her children innumerable happy holidays; there she and her sisters each have their own suite of apartments, never occupied by anyone but

themselves. The rooms of Queen Alexandra face the splendid park, Her Majesty's sitting-room, though simply furnished, being noted for its wonderful gilded ornaments. When at Fredensborg, Her Majesty devotes herself almost entirely to her aged father, with whom she walks and drives every day. This autumn a larger family-party than usual will be gathered together, and it is said that at least one Royal betrothal will be announced.

Mr. F. G. Edwards, who must certainly be ranked among the most enthusiastic and sincere explorers into the paths of musical history, is responsible, in the current *Musical Times*, for a very delightful article on the great Novello whose life spanned just the eighty years between 1781 and 1861. Mr. Edwards is incapable of treating any subject save in the most refined and significantly interesting manner.



BERNSTORFF CASTLE, WHERE QUEEN ALEXANDRA WILL STAY DURING HER VISIT TO HER FATHER, KING CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK.



FREDENSBORG CASTLE, THE SUMMER PALACE OF KING CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK.

Photographs by O. Gjørup and Co., Copenhagen.

Walpole House. "And they walked and they talked, and they talked and they walked, down by the riverside." So sings a lady with a long feather at the Tivoli every evening. Mr. Beerbohm Tree has, as everyone knows, taken a house—Walpole House—"down by the riverside." It is haunted by the ghost of Barbara, the celebrated Duchess of Cleveland. She walks—does she talk? Be that as it may, no doubt Beerbohm likes the ghost to walk even at his private house. A workman has just found under one of the floors a little lady's glove. It is a dear, dainty little glove, much too small for the Duchess. Perhaps its owner was an unrecorded flame of Ormond or Hamilton, the two Knights of the Garter who bore the Duchess's pall along Chiswick Mall. Anyhow, it has inspired the following—

What fairy delicate
Fingers effeminate
Filled thy inanimate
Shape ere they perished?

If hands show fortunes true,
Lingers there not in you
Something to tell us who
Owned you and cherished?

Constant? She may have been.
Some surely called her queen.
Gentle she was, I ween,
When noway angered.

Wise? Women ever were.
Looks? She was passing fair.
Valiant? Not much of her,
Save when endangered.

No, I'm not serious,
Lady mysterious,
So with imperious
Gesture reprove me.

Cenotaph eloquent
Only of impotent
Silence—dear monument;
Yet how you move me!

The Moody-Manners Opera Company must be genuinely reckoned among the institutions of the musical world which are considerable enough to be criticised with carefulness and consideration. Under the direction of Mr. Frank Rendle and Mr. Neil Forsyth, that Company's season has been opened at Covent Garden with really considerable success. It is quite natural, of course, that so popular a programme as that which involves the production of "Roméo," "Faust," "Carmen," "Lohengrin," and other works of long-standing popularity should have been included in their category. And their success is a thing certainly to be much desired, for they unite with the most reasonable intention a capacity for discovering the best talent which naturally does them infinite credit. Of course, it stands to reason that a Company of this description is scarcely able to make itself a constant producer of the new things of art. But, after all, where will you find such a corporate body ever since the beginning of things in the world of art?

The unfortunate fact remains that artistically minded people can rarely find it in their power to patronise art according to their desire; while, of course, the other people never desire to identify themselves with such patronage.

So far as the season has progressed, "Lohengrin" has undoubtedly been the "Captain Jewel of the Carcanat." Mr. Louis Arens sang

with really great distinction in the title-part; and although it stands to reason that his personality is scarcely to be reckoned in the same chapter as that of Jean de Reszke, he nevertheless showed a persistence of artistic feeling that was in every respect exquisitely artistic. His singing was courageously fine, and his understanding of the part was most certainly very intelligent and very significant. Madame Fanny Moody took the part of Elsa and sang with her

customary sweetness and perfection of tonality. She never undertakes any part without, from the vocal point of view, proving herself to be in a certain sense as perfect and as completely equipped as the most exacting critic might desire; the only objection which it is possible to make against her, an objection which might possibly destroy (were it fulfilled) part of her really artistic personality, is that she never allows herself to commit a vocal violence or a histrionic mistake: lest the praise involved in such a criticism should be thought too high, we may refer backwards to Tennyson's magnificent description of the same sort of artistic attitude when he described a perfect beauty as "Neither savour nor salt; icily regular, splendidly null." One likes to hear so perfectly true and definitely assured a tone as that which belongs to Madame Fanny Moody; but a little more passion would, without any doubt, increase her stage significance and her artistic worth as distinguished from her external prestige.

The tiny Republic of Moresnet, between the Belgian and the German frontiers, and only a trifle over five miles from Aix-la-Chapelle, was little known until the rumour that it means to try and rival Monte Carlo was sprung on an unsuspecting public. Moresnet-Neutre, or Kelmis, a strip of land three miles by fifteen hundred yards, contains rich zinc-mines, and, doubtless for this reason, the larger Powers could not make up their minds in 1815 who should have it, and so left it neutral. The Belgian Casino owners, having been turned off from Spa and from Ostend, have now cast eyes of covetousness on Kelmis, and, as the Mayor—he might be called a President, for the wee Republic is autonomous, although its two thousand eight hundred people have to serve in either the Belgian or the German Army—has no objection to a well-conducted gambling Casino, we may, before long, have one a great deal nearer London than Monaco is,

for neither the Belgian nor the German gambling-laws can interfere with what is done in Kelmis. It is amusing, too, that Kelmis has no law-courts of its own. Disputes are settled under German or Belgian jurisdiction, at the choice of the litigants, and the laws by which such disputes are settled are drafted upon the old Napoleonic Code, and as unique as those of the Channel Islands or the Isle of Man.



DICKENS AT THE ADELPHI: MR. HARRY NICHOLLS AS MICAWBER IN "EM'LY."

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

*King Peter's
Troubles.*

The new King of Servia finds himself already in a very awkward position, and has privately expressed himself as being much out of conceit with his subjects. At Belgrade it is even said that he thinks of resigning and retiring to Geneva to resume his photography; but it is most unlikely that he will take such a step, although two plots are known to be in existence against him. The Obrenovitch party are intriguing to recall Queen Natalie and install her as Regent, while the discontented of no particular party wish to offer the Crown to Prince Nicholas of Montenegro. The King has gone with his children and brother on a tour in the interior of the country, to make the acquaintance of the people, most of whom have as yet never set eyes on him.

*M. Gustave
Larroumet.*

Those who take an interest in the French drama will have heard with regret of the death of M. Gustave Larroumet, who came over here last year to deliver a lecture at the Coronet Theatre. He was the dramatic critic of the *Temps* and the author of several books; but he was also a politician, and was at one time Minister of Public Instruction, under M. Lockroy. In 1888 he was appointed Director of Fine Arts, and some years later was elected Secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts. M. Larroumet had been ill for some time, and when he was in London it was obvious that he was suffering from bad health.

*The Antarctic
Relief Expedition.*

A good deal of unnecessary secrecy has been observed as to the movements of the ships which are to relieve Captain Scott in the Antarctic regions, but it is certain that they take out instructions that the Captain is not to remain another winter in the ice. The *Discovery* is to be got free from the pack, if possible; but, if this cannot be managed, the ship is to be abandoned and all the instruments and effects are to be brought away with the officers and crew. It seems a

pity to abandon the research, especially as other nations are now taking up the task of exploring the Southern Seas; but the difficulty of finding money for the expedition puts great obstacles in the way of further exploration, and the Treasury has no funds for the purpose.

Monastir.

Monastir, the Turkish city which has acquired such an unenviable notoriety of late, is very beautifully situated at the foot of lofty mountains looking out over a broad and fertile plain. It stands on the banks of a wide and rapid river, which is crossed by a number of bridges, mostly of wood, though two in the principal quarter of the town are of stone. Like most Turkish towns, it is well wooded, the mosques being surrounded with willows and cypress, and, in spite of its remoteness, is comparatively clean and well-kept. It is a very interesting place and in quieter times well worth a visit.

*A Newspaper in the
Far North.*

There is only one newspaper which is published in the Arctic Circle, and that is the *Nourlanaste*, or *Eastern Star*, which is issued once a week at Sigerfjord, in the extreme north of Norway. It is written in the Lap language, and is a very small paper, consisting of only four pages. Its contents are chiefly short articles on religious subjects and items of local news. The peculiarity of the little paper is that it has no advertisements, probably because the wants of its readers are few and easily satisfied.

*A Link with the
Past.*

The Dowager Marchioness of Ormonde, who died last week at the age of eighty-six, was one of the few remaining survivors of the pre-Victorian era. She was born in 1817, and from 1844 to 1849 was Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Adelaide, widow of William IV. The Marchioness was the niece of the first Marquis of Anglesey, who commanded the cavalry at Waterloo, where he lost his leg, and she married the second Marquis of Ormonde in 1843.



THE STAGE AND DOMESTICITY: MISS CONNIE EDISS AWAITING THE COMPLETION OF THE NEW GAITY.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

PARIS.

This week and the last some sixty or seventy thousand pilgrims from all parts of France and Belgium have made the long and arduous journey to the Grotto of Notre Dame de Lourdes, where, on a February morning in 1858, the child Bernadette declared that she had seen the vision of the Virgin Mary, who had told her that a spring was there by whose waters the sick might be cured. For five-and-forty years since Bernadette's vision the annual rush of pilgrims to the grotto has been such that Lourdes, a tiny hamlet then, has now become a flourishing and prosperous town. It had been feared by the inhabitants that politics would lessen the numbers of the pilgrims this year; but, on the contrary, the number has been even a greater one than usual, and averages thirty-five thousand men, women, and children, whole and sick, during each week.

It was my fortune a few years ago to go with the White Train, the train of the very sick, from Paris on the pilgrimage to Lourdes, and never—though the journalist's career must necessarily contain unpleasant and unnerving episodes—do I remember to have been so thoroughly unnerved. The suffering on that long journey across France is terrible, and the faith of the "victims"—I do not know what else to call them—is only a little more wonderful than the devotion of those men and women who accompany them, and who, though most of them are rich and nearly all belong to the old aristocracy of France, do menial and sometimes disgusting offices for the poor sufferers, and love to do them.

And when the steam-drawn charnel-house arrives at Lourdes in the still sweetness of the early summer morning, the eagerness with which the sick and dying (two died upon the way to Lourdes in my train) insist on being taken straightway to the grotto, without a moment's pause for resting or to find a room, is painfully pathetic. Unceasingly for three days and three nights prayer goes on in the three superposed churches, in the space before and round them, and around the grotto and on the hills which tower up and encircle the town huge crosses with electric-lights upon them shine forth their silent message. Perhaps the most pathetic part of it all is the return, where out of thirty thousand there are some thirty cured. The cures can be explained, the doctors say, by nervous shock and counter-shock; but the sweet resignation of the uncured sufferers and their resolve to make the journey next year if they live are to me inexplicable. The annual number of the believers who pour into Lourdes reaches an average figure of nearly three million.

I hear that there is trouble at the Vatican about the Pope's first legacy. A priest of Naples, named Miloni, left his whole fortune, £16,000, to "the reigning Pope," and died during the interregnum. In consequence, Monsignore Rampolla has instructed the Papal Procurator in legal matters, Signor Galdo, to claim the legacy; but the relatives of Abbé Miloni contest his right and say, with some appearance of justice upon their side, that, as no Pope was living when the Abbé died, the £16,000 belong to his natural heirs. The suit is likely to be long and to afford scope for much intricate discussion.

Paris has lost two of her learned sons during the week that is over. The first of them to die, Professor Auguste Kerckhoff, is best known to the world as the inventor of the universal language Volapuk, which for some little while was widely popular. He lived to see another universal language, Esperanto, receive the ridicule which Volapuk obtained; but he believed until the last that some day all nations would conspire to overthrow the Tower of Babel. M. Gustave Larroumet, who died on the 25th, was only fifty-one. His health gave way under the strain of continual overwork, and his death robbed us of a charming scholar and a brilliant journalist.

ROME.

What British visitor to Rome has not admired and revelled in the entrancing beauty of that exquisite garden, or rather, park, outside the Porta Pinciana called the "Villa Borghese"? Every visitor from every country speaks in the most glowing terms of this inimitable expanse of lovely green fields with its "Boecklin" stone-pines (it must be these pines that that celebrated painter has so often introduced into his pictures), its fountains covered over and bordered with maidenhair fern, its little bijou garden within, its riding-ring, and its magnificently preserved carriage-roads and private paths. The Villa Borghese has ever been the jewel of modern Rome; the one green spot where, in the heat of summer, fresh air is always obtainable; the rendezvous of artists, the favourite haunt of studious professors and picturesque seminarists. The privilege of entering its confines was always obtainable by payment of a nominal entrance-fee, of twopence at the gate. It was always fresh, always green, and never anything but a model of cleanliness and spruceness. Now, alas, it is ruined: ruined and destroyed by

the ruthless hands of mischievous, ignorant roughs; the grass has been trampled into brown, brittle shreds, the hedges torn and mangled and broken down, the fields littered over with unlovely pieces of newspaper, and even the trees pulled about and lacerated. No longer is it even a safe place for girls and children; rather has it been converted into a haunt of horrible Hooligans. And why and how has this catastrophe fallen upon the beloved Villa? Wherefore is it thus punished by such a shameful fate?

The answer is the following: The Villa Borghese has passed, through purchase, into the hands of the Municipality of Rome. Well-meaning this Municipality ever was, well-meaning it remains. It desired to enable the whole population of Rome—poor as well as rich, dirty as well as clean—all to enjoy without payment the full benefits of the extensive, health-giving park. The motive is most commendable; the manner in which the plan was executed most ill-advised. No precautions of any kind were taken to ensure success and prevent disorder; no guardians of the peace were sent to guard the Villa, no police told off to defend it from the lawless; no regulations were formulated, no placards placed along the walks. The Villa was, suddenly and without warning, thrown open to all; the mob of ragged, ill-behaved "plebs" were admitted without constraint in their thousands. Nobly did they do their work. To this the barked trees,

torn fences, ruined grass, and unsightly roadways give ample witness. No one could grudge for an instant the inhabitants of poorest Rome the free admittance into what must in their eyes seem to be a paradise. No prettier and more touching sight could be desired than to see the poorest of the poor, the ragged, the pale, and the emaciated, enjoying and fully appreciating the wholesome air and the pretty scenery afforded by the once beautiful Villa Borghese. There they sit whole days together under the trees, and by their very picturesqueness lend colour to the scene. But there is a limit to all things, and peaceful peasants form one class and horrible Hooligans another. Measures should be taken, and that promptly, to remedy this very grave defect.

Two Royal Travellers.

Prince and Princess Rupert of Bavaria are among the most enterprising of Royal travellers, for they have just completed a tour round the world.

As so often happens, after having accomplished this long journey successfully, the young Princess, on her return, became suddenly seriously ill and had to be operated on for appendicitis at a moment's notice. The news caused the most sincere grief both at Possenhofen, the residence of the Princess's parents, and at Munich, where the young Prince, who is in direct line of succession to the throne, is immensely popular, especially among the British Colony, to whom he and his charming wife show every kindness and civility.



PRINCE AND PRINCESS RUPERT OF BAVARIA.

Photograph by Elvira, Munich.

WHERE THE "WHITE TRAIN" GOES: TWO VIEWS OF LOURDES.

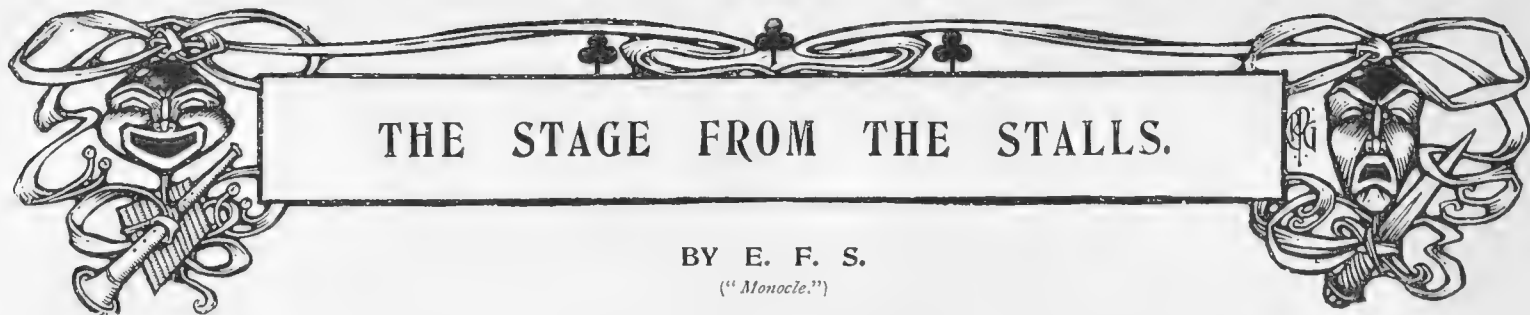
(SEE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



GENERAL VIEW OF LOURDES.



THE GROTTO OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES, SHOWING THE CRUTCHES LEFT BY CURED CRIPPLES.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"MAN AND SUPERMAN."

IT is excusable to be a little egotistical in dealing with a work by Mr. G. B. Shaw, for his agreeable egotism is catching; so I begin my timid remarks concerning his new play, "Man and Superman: a Comedy and a Philosophy" (published by Constable and Co.), somewhat personally. I read the piece without looking at the preface, in the form of an open letter to Mr. A. B. Walkley, and went straight ahead with interest and amusement until I came to the middle of the third Act, when suddenly a vision of Don Juan, the Devil, the Commander, and Ana de Ulloa is introduced, in which they indulge in a fifty-one page discussion: after reading a few pages of this I discovered that it is quite impertinent to the play, so I skipped the rest and proceeded with the piece, and then considered it as a drama. It seemed to me a very clever farce, if, in point of originality and actual comicality, not quite on a level with the best "G. B. S." I was, however, much perplexed by the title: Ruskin, at his most fantastic, hardly surpassed it. For I had committed the error of reading "Superman" as if it were "Super-man" and referred to those more courteously called "extra-gentlemen." So I read the long, entertaining, dedicatory letter, and the fifty-one pages of Hell and Heaven and sixty-four pages of epilogue, and discovered, to my amazement, that the apparently simple farce is a deeply philosophical, symbolical, revolutionary "problem play," for which Mr. Shaw demands "a pit of philosophers." I, alas, am no philosopher—I have read too much philosophy for that—but merely a middle-aged hedonist with a Mugwump tendency, and so cannot tell what a pit of philosophers would think of the piece, and, even with the disadvantage of all Mr. Shaw's mystifying explanations, fail to see any inner meaning in "Man and Superman." We are told that the heroine—Ann Whitefield—is a female Don Juan; in fact, Donna Juana, and the idea of a Catherine of Russia or Messalina comes into mind, foolishly, for we are also informed that she is the female counterpart of Everyman in the now popular morality play; but there is nothing in the piece to show that such ideas were in the author's mind till after he had finished his drama. The whole affair is as great a mystery as the Humbert case, and Mr. Shaw's exposition is as bewildering as the explanations of Thérèse. At moments I have wondered whether by accident the wrong play has got bound up in the volume, whether we are not in the plight of the chess-player who committed suicide because he could not solve a problem, published in a magazine, which had been carelessly printed so that the men were wrongly placed. This explanation, however, will not serve, for it cannot be a mere coincidence that the names of the *dramatis personæ* are those mentioned in the kind of preface.

Now a word or two about the play. Its hero is John Tanner, who is also Don Juan; and the heroine, Ann Whitefield, as I have mentioned, is Donna Juana, also Everywoman, and, I may add, also Ana de Ulloa in what the author calls his "totally extraneous Act." The story, I again quote Mr. Shaw, is a "trumpet story of modern London life, a life in which, as you know, the ordinary man's main business is to get means to keep up the position and habits of a gentleman, and the ordinary woman's business is to get married." Tanner is a rich, middle-aged, middle-class revolutionary, appointed with a Mr. Ramsden, a high and dry Radical, to the guardianship of Ann. She has made up her mind to wed Tanner, whether for "romantic love" of him or for his money I cannot tell. She is aware that he has discovered that she is a scheming, hypocritical liar, and that her task is hard; but she also knows that, unwittingly and unwillingly, he is charmed by her. Tanner thinks that Ann means to marry Octavius, his amiable young friend, whom he warns against her wiles; but, despite the warning, Octavius persists in loving Ann. Tanner is warned by "Enery" Straker, his chauffeur, that Ann does not care for Octavius and that she has made up her mind to be Mrs. Tanner. She may be a Donna Juana, but she has no polyandrous ideas, matrimonial or otherwise. When Tanner receives the warning, he bolts with "Enery" on his motor-car. Ann follows on another car, with Tanner's sister Violet and her husband, a young American, her marriage with whom is concealed. Tanner is captured in Spain by a low-comedian brigand called Mendoza, and Mendoza is captured by an escort attached to Ann's motor-car. So Tanner falls again into her clutches. She proposes to him, and, despite his knowledge that marriage with her will be a catastrophe, he yields and, to use his own words, renounces "happiness, freedom, tranquillity; above all, the romantic possibilities of an unknown future for the cares of a household and a family," and he begs "that no man may seize the occasion to get half-drunk and utter imbecile speeches and coarse pleasantries" at his expense. The play ends, according to the stage-directions, with "universal laughter." I hope so. There is

a kind of ancillary plot connected with Violet's secret marriage, and it results in a capital scene in which she bullies her husband's billionaire father into forgiving his son for marrying against his orders. Certainly it is a clever, entertaining work, with many very vivid strokes of Shawesque humour and wit, and a pit of philosophers with a sense of humour—I fear it would be difficult to fill the pit—or a house of intelligent, even of unphilosophic persons, would be much diverted.

"But the Superman?" you may ask. "What is the Superman? What has he to do with the play?" I can, at least, answer that he is like "the flowers that bloom in the spring" so far as the drama is concerned, apart from the "totally extraneous Act"; and I may add that "totally extraneous" is a term that very gently describes the irrelevance of the witty, fantastic, amusing, audacious gossip of the characters from "Le Festin de Pierre." Mr. Shaw has had one capital idea. He complains very justly that it is a "common practice with romancers to announce their hero as a man of extraordinary genius, and then leave his works entirely to the reader's imagination. You cannot accuse me of this pitiable barrenness, this feeble evasion. I not only tell you that my hero wrote a revolutionist's handbook: I give you that handbook at full length for your edification if you care to read it." And he does: the handbook forms a kind of epilogue and is stuffed full of sense and nonsense, epigram and empty paradox, wit and folly, wisdom and mere word-clashings, jests and deadly truths. The "Superman" emerges in it; he is an old friend of the reader of philosophy and legislative treatises, the "extra-special" brand of man to be produced by selected breeding of the human race without regard to the fancies of individuals, and his birth, or rather, their birth, will produce the Millennium—but not for us. By no other means can society be saved; all the other panaceas of reformers, including "G. B. S.," are futile. There is, perhaps, a weak spot in this system, as in the others, for whilst selected breeding of men and women would perhaps produce an improvement in human creatures as animals, no reason is suggested why there should be a moral or mental improvement by the process; and to destroy the existing society merely to breed Samsons and Milos would be as ridiculous as to destroy a successful commercial system in order to make a leap into the dark in search of a Home and Colonial partnership the disadvantages of which are obvious, whilst the benefits to the elder member of the firm are disputable. John Tanner Shaw demands the abolition of marriage, "the most licentious of human institutions," but "popular because it combines the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity": from this it will be seen that "J. T. S." is well below the age of forty, over which, according to him, "every man is a scoundrel"; indeed, with all his brains, "J. T. S." seems a person with curiously little powers of observation or knowledge of society. He manages, however, to say many clever things, though I think that his chapter on prudery, in which he presents a strong view of the over-squeamish, is less effective than the simple definition of the prude as one "who blushes at the indelicacy of her own thoughts." I give it from memory—or forgetfulness.

To be fair to the work, it is exceedingly entertaining, and in many passages is quite quintessential Shaw, as, for instance, in the attack on Shakspeare, which, no doubt, will be welcomed by Mr. Cecil Raleigh; whilst his novel views on heaven and hell are delightfully comic, if, perhaps, somewhat shocking to the orthodox. His denunciation of society is as vivid and effective as it is inaccurate, which is saying a good deal; yet it must be remembered that a part of his (apparently) chaotic system is to provoke opposition, excite attention, and ultimately induce agreement by stating a true proposition in extravagantly inaccurate terms. No doubt the policy is dangerous, since some people are more affected by one obvious inaccuracy than by ninety-nine novel truths. However, it is no part of my task to deal with Mr. Shaw as Don Juan, a character in which I had never pictured him, although as Tanner he bears it bravely—in phrases—or with him as philosopher, expounder of Nietzsche, or advocate of Plato's unplatonic views of man breeding on the stud-farm system, or even to protest against his theories concerning the working of the hearts of women, of which he has a charming, almost monastic, ignorance. It is "G. B. S." the dramatist who comes within this column, and I can recommend the play and the elaborate business-directions to all play-readers and audacious managers. It is a pity, however, that as author he should be a kind of typographical mutineer. One may commend, too, his method of giving his hero's opinions in an appendix. What a blessing if this system were adopted more often, and novelists were to put their word-pictures, dress-descriptions, and the like in an appendix, so that there would be no trouble in skipping them when second-rate!

THE STAGE AND DOMESTICITY.



MR. AND MRS. GEORGE ROBEY (MISS ETHEL HAYDON) AND CHILDREN.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

XXX.—STRAWBERRY HILL, TWICKENHAM.

SCARCELY a stone's-throw from Pope's Villa, at the corner of the upper road leading to Teddington, stands Strawberry Hill, once the celebrated residence of Horace Walpole—afterwards Earl of Orford—and now of Mr. Herbert de Stern, a son of the late Baron de Stern. Who has not heard of Strawberry Hill, with its brick-and-mortar turrets, its Gothic windows, and its charming grounds? From

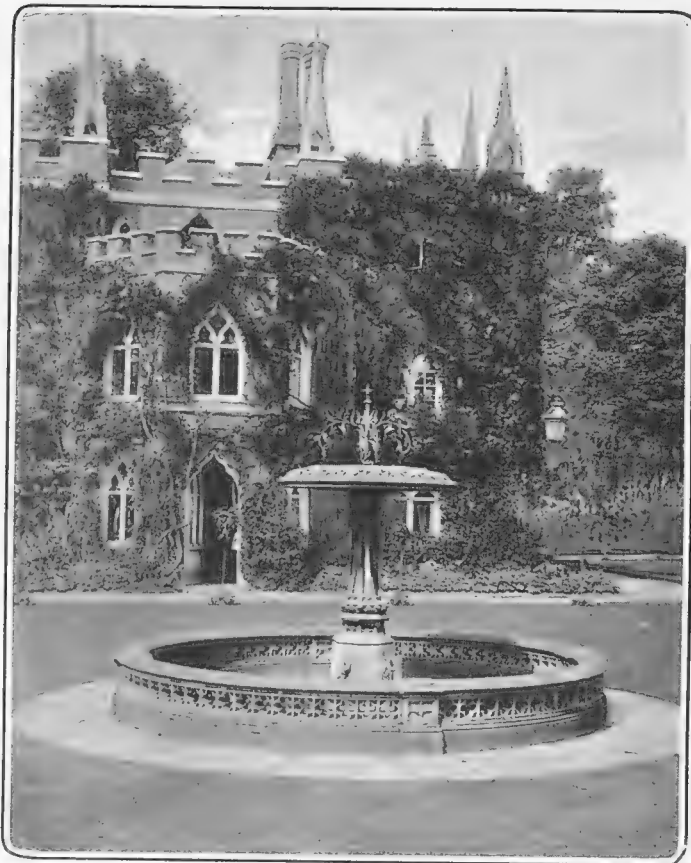
Two delightful roads, that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises; barges as solemn as the Barons of the Exchequer move under my window. Richmond Hill and Ham Walks bound my prospects, but, thank God, the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry! Dowagers as plentiful as flounders inhabit all around, and Pope's Ghost is just now skimming under my window, by a most poetical moonlight. Lord John Sackville *predeceased* me here, and instituted certain games called *Crickitalia*, which have been celebrated this evening in honour of him in a neighbouring meadow.

At the time Walpole became possessed of the property, it consisted of the cottage and five acres of ground, which was subsequently extended by the purchase of outlying lands. He conceived the idea of enlarging his new home, and adopted the Gothic style. The "Castle," as he then called it, was not entirely built at once, but gradually grew as additions were made to the old small house. The Library and Great Parlour were built in 1753; the Gallery round-tower, Great Cloister, and Cabinet in 1760 and 1761; the great north bed-chamber in 1770. In 1776 he built the Beauclerk Tower and Hexagon Closet on purpose to receive seven drawings by Lady Diana Beauclerk, in illustration of his tragedy of "The Mysterious Mother."

Walpole bequeathed Strawberry Hill in the first instance to his cousin, Marshal Conway, and to the Countess of Ailesbury, and afterwards to their daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Damer, the sculptress. Later on, it became the property of Lord Waldegrave, who practically never lived there, and for many years it remained dismantled and neglected after the sale in 1842, when the contents realised £33,468. Thus it remained until Frances, Countess Waldegrave, came into possession. This lady altered and enlarged it and made it one of the most famous mansions of the nobility in the kingdom. After her death the house was offered for sale, in 1881.

Thanks to the present owner, Mr. Herbert de Stern, Strawberry Hill is to-day quite as attractive and charming as in the last century, when it was the resort of the great ones of Society and the literary world. Certainly then it had its drawbacks, as, owing to the large extent of open lands about Twickenham, highwaymen and footpads often exacted toll from travellers in their carriages. Walpole, writing in 1782, complains that, having lived there in tolerable quiet for thirty years, he could not now stir a mile from his own house after sunset without one or two servants armed with blunderbusses.

In January 1772, the mansion suffered considerably from the effects of an explosion at the Powder Mills at Hounslow, and of this, Walpole,



THE OLD FOUNTAIN IN FRONT OF THE GARDEN ENTRANCE.

an architectural point of view, it has been more or less criticised, as Walpole, who was his own architect, obtained the designs for different parts of the building from various quarters of the globe. For instance, the embattled wall by the roadside was copied from a print in Aston House, Warwickshire, whilst portions of tombs of Bishops and Princes in various cathedrals were made to do duty in the component parts of fireplaces, doorways, and windows. Dipping back into bygone times, it is on record that the house stood on a piece of ground which was called "Strawbery Hill Shot." The house was originally only a small tenement, built towards the end of the seventeenth century by the Earl of Bradford's coachman and let as a lodging-house. The cottage, says Mr. Cobbett, in his "Memorials of Twickenham," was called by the common people "Chopped-straw Hall," as "they supposed that, by feeding his lord's horses with chopped straw, he had saved money enough to build his house."

Colley Cibber was one of the first tenants, when he was in attendance for acting at Hampton Court, and here it was that he wrote one, at least, of his plays. Owing to the delightful situation of the cottage, it became at different times the summer residence of many well-known personages, such as Dr. Talbot, Bishop of Durham; Henry Bridges, Marquis of Carnarvon, son of James, Duke of Chandos; and afterwards by a Mrs. Chevenix, a noted toy-shop keeper of Regent Street. After her husband's death, she sublet the house to Lord John Sackville, second son of Lionel, Duke of Dorset, who resided in it for two years. However, in May 1747, Horace Walpole took over the remainder of Mrs. Chevenix's lease, and in the following year purchased the fee simple of the property by Act of Parliament, it being then in the hands of minors of the name of Mortimer. In Edward Walford's "Greater London," he refers to an amusing letter written by Walpole to Field-Marshal Conway, in which he gives the following particulars of the place, shortly after taking possession of it—

Twickenham, June 8th, 1747.

You perceive by my date that I am got into a new camp and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little plaything house that I got out of Mrs. Chevenix's shop, and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows and with phillagree hedges—

"A small Euphrates through the place is rolled,
And little fishes wave their wings in gold."



THE SMALL CHAPEL IN THE GARDEN.

writing to the Hon. H. S. Conway, says: "The north side of the Castle looks as if it had withstood a siege. The two saints in the hall have suffered martyrdom. They have their bodies cut off, and nothing remains but their heads."

L. B. W.

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES.



THE GARDEN FRONT OF STRAWBERRY HILL, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. HERBERT DE STERN.



A PRETTY VIEW OF THE GROUNDS.

MRS. CRAIGIE ("JOHN OLIVER HOBBS"):

THE WHISTLER OF THE STAGE AND THE BERNARD SHAW OF THE BOUDOIR.

ASK the average reader to name the first half-dozen woman writers in England, and it is "odds on," as they say in the sporting papers, that, by an apparent contradiction in terms, he will begin with "John Oliver Hobbes." This pseudonym might, however, well be dropped so far as London is concerned, for, thanks to the personal paragraphers, it has been worn not merely threadbare but into holes, though it is not improbable that, to the great mass of provincial readers, Mrs. Craigie's work would not come with the same force under her signature as it does with her masculine *nom-de-guerre*. The name, it is hardly necessary to say, was assumed at the very outset of her career, when her first novel, "Some Emotions and a Moral," left her hand to seek an abiding-place with a publisher. Unlike the first works of so many other successful writers, this did not go knocking in vain at many portals; for the first publisher who saw it wished to take it, but was prevented by the fact that it was not as long as the books he usually issued. As, like her subsequent works, it was a finished piece of art and she never alters, Mrs. Craigie did not see her way to lengthen it, so she sent it to a second publisher, who at once snapped it up. Two things, however, he wanted to change—the title and the author's pseudonym. "I won't change the title and I won't change the pseudonym," said Mrs. Craigie, in effect, if not in terms; "and if you publish the book, those two things will be published with it." She was a very young woman at the time, and she not unnaturally felt that, if the critics thought the book was written by a woman, and a very young woman at that, there would be, metaphorically, gnashing of teeth. Recognising what might have been her fate, she has always been particularly sympathetic to young people generally, to say nothing of those who seek to force an entrance into the realm of literature, for she feels that it is comparatively easy to snub the youthful utterances of genius. Something of the same feeling, indeed, inspires her devotion to children generally—a devotion they frequently return in kind by giving her, albeit quite unconsciously, a good many ideas for her work, which runs in many channels. She is more than the novelist and dramatist she describes herself, for she has on occasion written for the *Times*, the *Fortnightly*, and other reviews, while she wrote the article on George Eliot for the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and has lectured on "the Artist Life," taking Balzac, Turner, and Brahms for illustrative subjects, at the Philosophical Institution in Edinburgh and the University of Birmingham. On another occasion, she lectured on Dante and Botticelli at the Dante Society, of which she is a prominent member; and this year she is President of the Ruskin Society, in succession to Lord Avebury.

Bound up though her work has been with London, Mrs. Craigie, as most people are aware, is an American by birth, and, appropriately enough, she first saw the light in the cultured city of Boston. On her father's side, she comes of a stock associated with the law, the Church, and banking; and David Dudley Field and Judge Field, of the Supreme Court at Washington, are her near relatives; while, on her mother's side, she is a great-granddaughter of the Hon. Peter Spearwater, who fought under Napoleon and represented Selborne in the Colonial Parliament at Halifax for twenty-five years. Her education was cosmopolitan, for her parents travelled about a great deal, and before she was sixteen she had a wide knowledge of Europe, as well as of America, though it was probably Paris—to which the

artistic temperament, perhaps, looks most for its inspiration and its satisfaction—that made the greatest impression on her.

Could educational forces conquer the human soul, Mrs. Craigie would probably have been a pianist. Her education was begun with that end in view, but the red-tape of the Conservatoire in Paris, which insists that no pupil shall enter its doors without signing for a three years' course, stopped that project, as Mr. and Mrs. John Morgan Richards, Mrs. Craigie's parents, objected to the clause.

Literature, however, had set her seal upon Mrs. Craigie when she was still in the nursery. Before she was able to write, she used to dictate stories to her nurse. If she saw a picture she turned it into words, and thus at a very early age gave indications of her literary bent.

While the actual production of her work is rapid rather than the

reverse, years may elapse between the inception of an idea and its completion. The reason is that she often keeps four or five things in her mind at the same time, and works from one to the other until, at length, one thing takes possession of her mind to the exclusion of everything else, and she is compelled to sit down and finish it. Thus, though "The Ambassador," for instance, was in her mind for three years, the actual writing of the play occupied only about two months, though "The School for Saints" took six times as long in the production, in addition to the three years in which it was getting itself into shape. The early morning and late afternoon, from breakfast until shortly after noon, and from five until seven, are the hours Mrs. Craigie devotes to her work, though for a couple of hours before breakfast she is at her desk with her correspondence.

The stage naturally fascinates her. Curious as it may seem, seeing that her own success has been won in the face of the difficulty, she regards the actor-manager as one of the difficulties of the theatre. Still, Mrs. Craigie has been heard to say that under the actor-manager's régime one soon learns that the intrinsic quality of one's work is not important, its claim for consideration being that one part should dominate all the rest. At the present time, *Sketch* readers need no reminding, Mrs. Craigie is represented by "The Bishop's Move," in which she collaborated with Mr. Murray Carson. It is an

open secret—if, indeed, it is a secret at all—that the story is practically Mr. Carson's, as the writing is entirely Mrs. Craigie's. Their collaboration was due to Mr. Frederick Harrison, of the Haymarket, to whom Mr. Carson told the story, and he at once suggested that Mrs. Craigie was the writer of all others to clothe it in words. A fact interesting to every theatre-goer, and especially to those critics who declared, on the production of the play, that no Roman Catholic Cardinal could by any possibility behave as does the Bishop of Rance in "The Bishop's Move," is that in many respects he represents the present Pope, who is a great musician. He frequently mended organs in Venice—in which city, by the way, Mrs. Craigie once admitted she saw the printing-press introduced into the first Act of her play—while the democratic utterances of the Bishop might have been drawn entirely from His Holiness.

More than novels, more than plays, more than articles, more than Societies, more than anything else, Mrs. Craigie is interested in her son, John Churchill Craigie, who is on the eve of going to Eton, after having come through his novitiate at Mr. Churchill's school at Broadstairs.



MRS. CRAIGIE.

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS

LVI.—MRS. CRAIGIE ("JOHN OLIVER HOBBS").



"WELCOME TO STEEPHILL CASTLE!"



"YOU WILL OBSERVE THAT MY FRONT-DOOR IS QUITE BURGLAR-PROOF."



"NOT THAT THERE IS MUCH IN THE CASTLE TO ATTRACT BURGLARS, UNLESS THEY CARE FOR EARLY EDITIONS—"



"—OR THE MS. OF MY NEW NOVEL. I BEG YOUR PARDON? OH, THAT'S VERY SWEET OF YOU!"



"OUR GROUNDS, TOO, ARE WELL PROTECTED."



"WHILST, IN MY SON, I HAVE A STAUNCH DEFENDER."



"WE MAY AS WELL LOOK INTO THE CONSERVATORY."



"HERE IS MY OUTDOOR STUDY. I HAVE NOT USED IT VERY MUCH THIS SUMMER."



"YOU ARE A LITTLE LATE FOR YOUR TRAIN, BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT."

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I HAVE been looking out of the train in the past week, and have not needed my paper to tell that farmers are having a sad harvest-time. Travelling from the North to the South the other day, I passed countless acres of corn-land where the rain has so beaten down the crops that the modern reaping-machinery must give place to the scythe. Not only would the self-binders fail to raise the corn, but the heavy machines themselves could not secure due foothold upon the treacherous land. In the Home Counties, where the rain has been fatal in many districts to young partridges, the farmers are forced to pay an amount of wages that reduces profit to vanishing-point, and even then few are able to command all the assistance they need. The country has no adequate supply of labour.

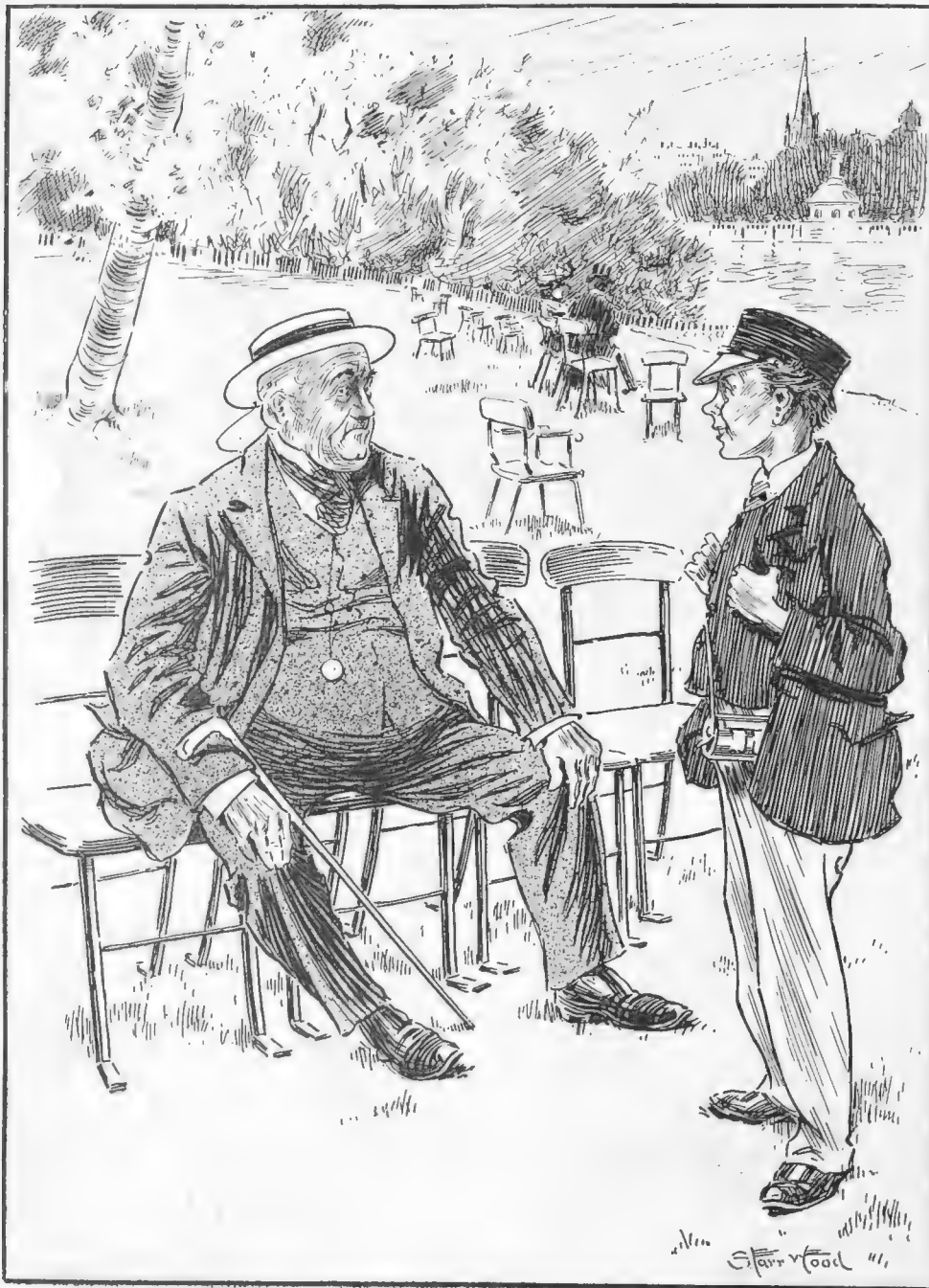
Parts of Essex, where the heavy land yields abundant corn-crops, have not known such a rainy season since 1879, and there is every prospect of severe floods so soon as the winter begins. Even a fine September can do no more than enable the farmer to save the wreckage with which July and August have strewn his fields. A reduction of rent will be sought for this month by most tenant-farmers, and, failing that, more land in the poorer parts of England will be allowed to go out of cultivation.

I read that Welsh coal is the best fuel for men-of-war, that the supply is limited and the demand great. The British Admiralty has been placing very large orders, and the Russian Admiralty has been following suit. The Russian order runs into six figures, and our great rival is said to be subsidising a fleet of colliers in order to get the precious material to her dépôts as soon as possible. If the boot were on the other foot—that is to say, if Russia had the steam-coal and we had the need for it—would the Russian Government allow any to leave the country? There can be but one answer to this question: No!

Then why in the name of common-sense are our coal-owners allowed to supply a Power that is admittedly hostile with the material that will add considerably to the effectiveness of its war-vessels? It is admitted that there is a British market for all the coal the Welsh collieries can turn out, and yet orders running far into hundreds of thousands of tons are executed for a Power supposed to be on the brink of a war with our friend and ally, Japan. Here is one of the things scarcely comprehensible to the plain man, who would not think of allowing his neighbour to go into his plantation to cut down a thick stick if he knew that the neighbour wanted to beat him and had no plantation of his own to get a stick from.

Turkey has a Navy of sorts, and Djelal Pasha, having been appointed a few months back to look after its interests, was unwise enough to open an inquiry into the Navy's financial administration. I read that he has suspended the inquiry on finding that the chief thieves responsible for the plight of the Fleet are highly placed in Yildiz Kiosk. When I last saw the Padishah's sea-power, it lay, forlorn and rotten, by the shore of the Bosphorus on the Stamboul side. Even the efficient German officer who was, so to speak, the acting-manager had confessed that it was not wise to light fires in any of the ships, because all the boilers were waiting for a legitimate excuse to burst. Certain allowances were made for repairs, stores, war-material, and service, but these moneys were borrowed by the officials through whose hands they had to pass. There was one good cruiser attached to the Fleet; it had been built within the preceding quarter of a century, and was seaworthy enough to be sent to a great dock-yard in Genoa, where it was re-boilered and fitted with new quick-firing guns. When the work was done, the Turkish Government blandly requested the firm to return the cruiser and send in their bill; but the shipbuilders—nasty, practical people—sent in the bill first, with a rude statement that they would take their cheque and send the cruiser by way of receipt. Needless to say, this inexplicable attitude gave deep offence at Yildiz.

Spain is another country with a Navy that has had no real existence since the war with America. When the country has a new Cabinet—it achieves three or four a-year, and every retiring Minister goes on the Civil List for a pension—the incoming Premier declares it is part of his policy to provide the country with a "small but efficient Navy." Two or three weeks later, I read that there is discord in the Cabinet because the Premier has been compelled to tell the Minister of Marine that there is no money for naval expenditure. Thereupon the indignant protector of naval interests protests in an eloquent speech, and either remains drawing a salary for doing nothing, or, too proud for such a thing, retires in haughty disgust—and draws a pension instead. Meanwhile, some thousands of naval officers and common sailors have commissions and appointments, but lack ships. Doubtless these things were ordained, but they do not help Spain's finances, and, if Señor Silvela never did much for his country, he deserves its thanks for one plucky action. When he was Premier, he made a tour of the Spanish dockyards and sentenced to sale or break-up a number of boats that could not possibly put to sea, but had their full complement of officers and crew.



"Threepence for the 'ire of the chairs, please."
 "Threepence! I thought they were a penny?"
 "That's right, Sir; penny each."

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



IV.—IN TOWN.

FROM Temple Bar westward, Strandwards to the Haymarket and Leicester Square, by Opera House and Drury Lane, all London was ablaze with light, and, to my eyes, dulled for such sights by prolonged residence out of town, the Metropolis never seemed so full before. Determined to do myself well, I made my way to a caravanserai that shall be nameless, and dined amid the most lavish appointments

that the eye of man could desire. Subdued music from an unseen orchestra, the ripple of conversation and quiet laughter, filled the room with melody; shaded electric-light played at hide-and-seek over the costly jewels of many fair women, and taught me for the hundredth time that the art of make-up is not confined to the stage. I lingered long at the table, a most strange departure from my usual custom, paid my bill with much satisfaction at the thought that such extravagance seldom troubles me, and started out to

before our box had been put in motion by Madame Lanner herself, mistress of all the mysteries of harmonious motion. Madame, keen-eyed and quick-tongued, could see all I missed, and from our place, where movement was without form to me, she knew if a single dancer was out of her place. When the great mass of girls came down to the lights and the more intricate movements began, I was uneasily certain that there would be a great collision, that the stage could not hold the crowd that stormed it—only Madame Lanner's supreme tranquillity served to assure me that all was well, that the ballet was running its normal course, and I alone was in Topsy-turvy Land.

The crowds parted, and, amid unstinted applause from all parts of the great, dim auditorium, Adeline Genée floated down to the foot-lights. In a flash I recovered my sense of perspective, my faculty of appreciation. While I watched the famous dancer moving to the accompaniment of some music as dainty as herself, I lost count, item by item, of my surroundings. Auditorium passed, nothing was left of the orchestra save the melody M. Wenzel drew from it, the serried ranks of the dancers passed, then the stage-boxes followed them, and I saw only Genée, elusive, impalpable, a flash of living light. It was the supreme climax to which all the evening had led me, the moment that was to establish the night in my affections. The dance came to pause; I found myself suddenly angry with the vague audience that applauded so vehemently, and then alarmed for fear the applause should not lead to an encore. Happily, there was no need to be alarmed, the sentiment of the house was unmistakable, and Genée danced again. How the music hurried to its end, how it sought, ineffectually enough, to baffle the dancer, who triumphed to the last chord of the passionate finale!

"Quick!" said Madame Lanner. "Take me back to my seat, if you please. The tableau is almost over; they are going to remove this scene."

S. L. BENSUSAN.



IN THE BOX ON THE STAGE.

complete the evening. "Empire," I said, almost mechanically, to the cabman, and in less than five minutes he was taking his place in the file of hansoms that deposited late diners like myself at the town's most popular resort.

I passed through the crowded lounge, kept so cool by the aid of electric-fans and ice-blocks, had brief chat with the ever-green "H. J. Hitchins, Manager," newly decorated with the Persian order of the Lion and the Sun, and then made my way to the stage, where the "turn" that precedes "The Duel in the Snow" ballet was in progress.

Madame Lanner was already in her place, the old familiar place; Adeline Genée, most graceful and accomplished of living dancers, was standing talking to her; Mr. Capel was busy directing the finishing touches to the stage, behind the front-cloth that served the clever acrobats who held the public.

"Madame," I said, "I want novelty—something that no other man in London has got. So will you help me to make my third appearance upon any stage and give me a place in the ball-room scene?"

Madame thought a minute; we are old friends, and I am what Zangwill calls "persona gratis" at the Empire.

"You can come and sit in one of the boxes with me," she said, "and see the house as well as the stage."

Prompt in action as in thought, she came down from her seat and walked to the nearest prompt-side box, already tenanted by a couple of pretty girls.

"You can go on with the others in this tableau," she said, and they scampered off, very well pleased, while I conducted Madame to her place and sat down, not too much in the light, trying to forget that all the girls I know were staring at me in great amusement, and that all the girls I don't know were doing the same thing. I could not help feeling rather sorry for my own audacity, but there was no time to think about that. A bell rang, I heard the applause that greeted M. Wenzel's arrival in the orchestra, and a minute later the curtain rose.

My first impression was of the auditorium—a study of shadow with wonderful points of light, like a Whistler nocturne. Faces leaning from the boxes were caught in profile and sharply outlined; the rest of the audience was blurred and indistinct. The light started over the music-stands of the orchestra, was lost in stalls and pit, to be found again faintly at the back of the Promenade and higher still in the Grand Circle. The stage presented a *bal masqué* in the Paris Opera House, and if the aspect of the house was strangely unfamiliar from my point of view, the appearance of the stage was still more uncommon. Perspective had gone; I could not realise that the figures passing



ADLINE GENÉE, FROM THE STAGE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE, of the well-known printing firm in Edinburgh, has received a letter from the Secretary for Scotland stating that the privilege of King's Printer conferred upon him personally by the Home Secretary's warrant of Dec. 10, 1869, still holds good. Of late years the firm of Constable has acquired a very high reputation for artistic work. This is chiefly due to Mr. W. B. Blackie, who has been connected with the house since 1878. Mr. Blackie is the son of the late Rev. Professor Blackie, of the New College, Edinburgh, and was originally designed for a career in the Indian Civil Service. In fact, he was in India for several years, but he found his true sphere as an artistic printer, and to him is due some of the finest work in typography executed in the last twenty years. No sooner did he enter the house of Constable than his exquisite refinement made itself felt, and, if I were to give a list of the many beautiful books for which he is responsible, it would run to a great length and include some of the most valued and admired productions of the British Press. Mr. Blackie was the printer of Mr. Henley's *Scots Observer*, and I believe its form was very much due to him. Mr. Blackie finds time for other pursuits. He is, for one thing, an accomplished astronomer, and his star maps are much valued. In Scottish history, and especially in Jacobite history, he is an eminent specialist. Mr. Blackie, however, has preferred to enrich the books of others rather than seek a name of his own in a authorship.

Another well-known name connected with the Constable firm is that of Mr. John Ayling, a step-son of Mr. John Morley.

The first three volumes of the Cambridge English Classics will be published before the end of the year. They are intended for the reader and lover of English Literature, as well as for purposes of reference and for the use of scholars. They are published at the moderate price of four-and-sixpence net, bound in art-linen, gilt top. The first three books are Hobbes' "Leviathan," the text edited by A. R. Waller; "The Poems of Richard Crashaw," the text edited by A. R. Waller; and "The Early Poems of George Crabbe," the text edited by Dr. A. W. Ward, Master of Peterhouse. There are to be purely textual and bibliographical notes. It is not intended at present

that the writings should be accompanied by prefaces. It is not necessary or desirable that such books should have long introductions, but I think that most of us find short biographical prefaces very convenient.

The Cambridge Press will issue in the autumn John Earle's "Micro-Cosmographie; or, A Piece of the World Discovered in Essayes and Characters." It will be printed from the sixth edition of 1633, in small quarto, on made paper, from a new type designed exclusively for the University Press and cast solely for it. Other volumes will be issued in editions limited to two hundred and twenty-five copies for sale in England and America.

The "Cambridge Modern History" has had a very great reception, a third edition of the first volume having been called for. The volume on the United States is now ready.

Mr. H. D. Davray has written an interesting article in the *Academy* on "English Literature in France." Mr. Davray edited a series of French translations from the English for the "Mercure de France" Publishing Company. The first three books chosen were "Imaginary Portraits," by Walter Pater; "The First Jungle Book," by Rudyard Kipling; and "The Time Machine," by H. G. Wells. Mr. Pater's book had no success with the public, which is not surprising, for much of what is best in Pater could not possibly be translated. On the other hand, Mr. Kipling's book

was well received and was followed by six others of his. Mr. Wells had also a very favourable and steady welcome. George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, and Robert Louis Stevenson have only very moderate success. It cannot be said that any of our living writers are really well-known in France, but English books are better-known than German. Mr. Davray says that there is no German novel that is even readable to a Frenchman.

I understand that Mr. Wilfrid Meynell has discovered full and valuable materials for the "unconventional biography" of Benjamin Disraeli which he will shortly publish. There is every reason to suppose that Mr. Meynell's book will hold the field for years. There is, apparently, very little prospect of an official biography. o. o.



STUDIES OF CHILDREN: BY TOM BROWNE.

III.—"EXPECTATION." (A FRENCH BOY.)

THREE NEW NOVELS.

"A METAMORPHOSIS."By RICHARD MARSH.
(Methuen, 6s.)

In "The Preposterous Yankee" it was lightly stated: "If an American eats a ham-sandwich, when talking about it he announces that he has feasted like Lucullus, that he has gorged himself with food, that he is in danger of dying of apoplexy, that he has eaten a hundred dollars' worth of nourishment." We cannot help thinking that, in viewing the world for the purposes of his latest novel, Mr. Richard Marsh has been using the Preposterous Yankee's eyes—or should we merely take it that he offers his latest book as an exposition of the meaning of that subtle term, "melo-farce"? Mr. Cecil Raleigh, who doubtless has other views, will perhaps pardon the suggestion. Mr. Marsh is not even content to allow his title to remain adequate. His extraordinary hero finds that one metamorphosis, like one lie, leads to others, and develops into a dangerous rival to the quick-change artist beloved of patrons of the "Halls." It is not long before he discovers that a new identity has its inconveniences as well as its conveniences, and, in turn, he finds himself Jacob Gunston, "the Vauxhall Junction Murderer" and owner of several *aliases*, in the employment of the Mother of Caracas, a very modern Crusoe with a lady as Friday, an escaped and falsely accused convict, "Bull's-Eye, the American Champion Shootist," "one of England's Champion Boxers," a Zouave "club-wielder," and "Glaucus the Greek." The majority of his companions in fortune and misfortune are hardly less grotesque than the world in which they are set. Yet another idea suggests itself: Has Mr. Marsh been in collaboration with Mr. Bernard Shaw?

"JOHANNA."By B. M. CROKER.
(Methuen, 6s.)

Mrs. Croker has written many charming stories, mostly dealing with Anglo-Indian life, but she has never done better work than in her last novel, "Johanna," which gives a most moving and beautiful picture of an Irish peasant-girl condemned by hard fate to become general servant of a low Dublin lodging-house. It used to be said that any story dealing with Irish life was foredoomed to failure, but, of late, Miss Barlow, Mrs. Tynan Hinkson, and even Mr. George Moore have proved the contrary. With the work of this brilliant group "Johanna" has a right to be measured. Mrs. Croker is evidently familiar with "the Kingdom of Kerry," and there is much real, ruthless insight as well as humour in her picture of the money-loving peasants, of Ninny Quain, the professional marriage-maker, or Postooke, who still plays so sinister a part in the love-affairs of rural Ireland. Equally vivid is the account of the cunning Dublin landlady and her mixed assortment of lodgers, ranging from a man who has "done time" to the highly bred old-maid who alone is kind to the poor young servant who has to wait and work for them all. Mrs. Croker would have been well advised to omit the long letters from South Africa, for the "Tommy" who could have written such epistles is surely far to seek, and certainly Shamus, Johanna's soldier-lover, could not have done so. But, after all, this somewhat composed correspondence is a slight blemish on a book so full of the milk of human kindness, of quiet observation, and of humour as is this pretty story.

"SPENDTHRIFT SUMMER."By MARGERY WILLIAMS.
(Heinemann, 6s.)

One is rather inclined to borrow the adjective in the title and bestow it on the talent which has here run to waste on too unsubstantial a theme. The treatment and the dialogue are distinctly above the average; but the subject of a wife's unreasoning jealousy of her husband's brother, with its uncomfortable and finally tragic consequences, is more fitting to form the basis of a short story, and the conclusion of the book leaves so much to the imagination that the reader feels rather annoyed at having been snared into an interest

in the characters when he has to take leave of them all (except Leslie Hovenden) without the slightest knowledge how their destinies shaped themselves. The author breaks decidedly new ground in choosing as her hero a gentleman whose profession is that of a Pierrot at fashionable watering-places, and she is very skilful in reproducing the curiously evanescent interests of such a life. Towards Leslie Hovenden and his fellow entertainers the Summer visitors displayed "the traditional attitude of the holiday-making Briton to a tame, absolutely proper species of Bohemian. This girl was one of twenty or more who exchanged greetings with Leslie each morning . . . with as comfortable a sense of propriety as they would have felt in patting the head of the coastguard's Newfoundland"; at the end of the Summer she was left "with certain comparatively blameless recollections, a collection of published photographs, and a black boss off a linen coat." The author helps her effects with charming descriptions of scenery, just sketched in here and there, which reveal a very strong feeling for the picturesque. Her happy touch in depicting the small son "who was on very confidential terms with the Almighty," and whose prayers had to be hurried up in consequence, makes one inclined to think that a book from her pen more or less devoted to these little mortals would be a pleasure to read.

ON THE TABLE.

"Erb." By W. Pett Ridge. (Methuen, 6s.)—Erb is a parcels carman on a railway who has a fine command of language, which he uses in the cause of Labour with disastrous consequences to himself. The author's particular talent in dealing with the humorous side of East-End life has full scope in this story.

"The Mississippi Bubble." By Emerson Hough. (Methuen, 6s.)—John Law of Lauriston, the forerunner of the company-promoter of to-day, is the central figure. The language belongs to somewhat mixed periods. "Prithee, Sir," is to be found on one page; and on the succeeding one, "This old, rotten world," which surely emanates from the slang of the schoolboy.

"Alarums and Excursions." By H. B. Marriott Watson. (Methuen, 6s.)—A volume of short stories.

"Tristram Shandy." By Laurence Sterne. (Grant Richards, 1s.) "History of Civilisation in England." By Thomas Buckle. (Grant Richards, 1s.)—The two latest volumes of the "World's Classics" series.

"The Despised Sex." By W. T. Stead. (Grant Richards, 2s. 6d.)—This book is in substance a record of the travels of a Central African Johnston in England. It is written in the form of letters (from an envoy to a Queen) commenting sarcastically on our Constitution.

"Lost in Blunderland." By Caroline Lewis. (Heinemann, 2s. 6d.)—The author and the artist inform us in the preface "that persons of a prying habit of mind have persisted in tracing political allusions in the innocent if not lucid narrative of Clara's former adventures." They beg to be cleared up in this.

allowed to disclaim anything of the sort and inform us that "all the obscurities of the former book are cleared up in this."

"Christmas Books." By William Makepeace Thackeray. (Dent, 3s.)—The latest volume to appear in the "Authorised Edition of Thackeray's Prose Works" illustrated by C. E. Brock.

"The Lakeland Dells and Fells." By W. T. Palmer. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)—The book includes chapters on "Shepherd Life Among the Fells," "The Angler in the Lake Country," and "Tales of the Mist," the last a particularly interesting section.

"Darrel of the Blessed Isles." By Irving Bacheller. (Methuen, 6s.)—The author of "Eben Holden," who has such a large following in America, will win the favour of the English public also by his new story of the quaint old clock-tinker of the North.

In literary Bohemia there is no more popular figure than the hard-working writer who can certainly claim to have made a corner in effective and striking titles. Mr. Coulson Kernahan had already served a distinguished literary apprenticeship when he made a hit with "A Dead Man's Diary," followed by some seven others, of which perhaps the most widely popular has been the cleverly named "The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil." When not engaged in playing football and cricket, Mr. Coulson Kernahan is hard at work writing stories, and, what must be a more difficult matter to one of his kindly and impulsive temperament, acting as literary adviser to a great publishing firm. He has a rival in his charming wife, who has written several good novels.

Messrs. Hutchinson's chief novels for the season include "The Yellow Van," by Mr. Richard Whiteing; "The Jesters," by "Rita"; "Camilla Faversham," by Mr. Ronald MacDonald; and "The Girl Behind the Keys," by Mr. Tom Gallon.



MR. COULSON KERNAHAN.



"A FUST-CLASS JONAH MAN."

"Tell yer about when I was swallowed by a whale? Which time, my dear?"

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.

'THE MODERN HUSBAND.

BY DUDLEY HARDY.



THE ADVENTURES—AND MISADVENTURES—OF A MILLIONAIRESS. RECORDED BY LEWIS BAUMER.



EXTRACT FROM SECOND LETTER:

... England's too small for me! I disappeared yesterday and was discovered to-day. It was an extraordinary coincidence, as Lady Cormorant said; but I'm not quite an idiot, and don't believe her.

I'm off to Dieppe to-morrow morning; but all my boxes—labelled "Scarborough"—are scattered about the passage at the inn, so I think I've got rid of her. I hate untruthful people. . . .

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE POET'S TREASURE.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.



The house hid itself behind a high wall from the evil days that had overtaken it. Houses finer than it had long since been degraded to be the tenements

of the poor, places of filth and squalor, where the powdered ladies and periwigged gentlemen had danced of nights, where the link-boys had run hither and thither with their flambeaux, and the chairmen and coachmen had fought for precedence.

It had been a country-house in those days. Even still it had not so lost the country but that it could see the fields and the mountains from the upper windows. A big Fever Hospital had sprung up at one side of it. The smell of breweries was in the air; occasionally there was something more sickening, for the tanneries were about it too.

Old Lady Madge was hardly conscious of these things. Every morning, her great-niece, Cecilia, would dress her and place her in front of the window, with a Cashmere shawl about her shoulders and her vinaigrette in her hand, before opening the window if it was fine weather. Lady Madge's room was to the front of the house. It had a long garden-front; a row of poplars by the wall had so interlaced themselves that the Fever Hospital was quite hidden. The garden was full of wallflowers and violets, hollyhocks, sweet-peas, carnations, in their season. Their scents rose delicately to the old lady's nostrils and entered there before the breath of breweries and tanneries could. There were always flowers at Lady Madge's elbow. The old lady hardly seemed to notice that things had been changed in those latter sad years.

She still thought that she was a great lady, dispensing favours. She looked upon her great-niece as a creature whom she protected and patronised. It never occurred to her that Cecilia was yet young, that the life of the house could be dull to her.

To another than Cecilia her exactions would have been monstrous. The girl hardly ever left the precincts of the house. There was nothing to entice her in the squalid streets and the dirty people. When her father Sir Archibald's provision for her had failed, had been swept away in the Land League storm, she had been very glad to fly to Lady Madge. Her world had not treated her very well. The people who had been courteous and soft-spoken looked at her with dark and threatening expressions. Her father was gone: her brother had been killed in a hunting accident. If he had lived her world would never have become so unfriendly.

She was glad enough of the shelter with Lady Madge—quite ready to accept the old lady's attitude of giving all and receiving nothing. Cecilia was a soft, clinging creature. In a world without love she could no more have gone on living than if the sun had dropped out of the sky. Lady Madge was the one thing of her kin left. All the tendrils of her warm young heart went out and clasped the old life to hers. Lady Madge had been spoilt all her life. When lovers and husband and children were swept away, there were still a couple of old servants to keep up the old, intimate and tender homage. Presently, too, there was Cecilia, and Cecilia was a ready lover.

Lady Madge thought little of Cecilia's looks. She, in her youth, had been washed in May-dew till she had been like a May-flower. Her hair had been gossamer-fine and spun gold. Her eyes had been summer lightnings. Fine gentlemen and peasant poets had rained their flatteries upon her. To her, Cecilia's clear, dark skin, as fine and brilliant in texture as the petal of a Mary-lily, the beautiful modelling of her face, the cloudy hair, the slight, tall figure, the velvety, ardent, short-sighted eyes, spelt plainness.

"Bless me, child!" she had said over and over again. "No one would ever take you to be of my blood. The Dillons were always fair and golden."

And over and over again Cecilia had replied, with gentle humour, that there must be an Ugly Duckling in every family.

It was true that she had no conceit of herself. No one had ever called her beautiful. Of late years she had known none but old servants and peasants whose ideal of beauty is ruddy. She was resigned to her fate of being unbeautiful. If she wanted romance, there was enough of it and to spare in the stories Lady Madge was always ready to pour into her ear.

Fortunately for the girl's health, Lady Madge had a crony who was content to spend a good many hours of every day with her. Mr. Humphrey De Moleyns had once been Lady Madge's lover. He as well as she had married: less fortunate than the lady, or more faithful, he had secretly regretted his marriage, although his wife had not been made unhappy by discovering the fact. To Humphrey De Moleyns of Streamstown, Lady Madge Chenevix was the one incomparable woman as she had been when she had been Madge Dillon and had rejected him for a rake and a bad husband.

The splendour had departed from Streamstown as it had from the Chenevixes. Mr. Humphrey, too, had been ruined by the League. It mattered less, he used to say, since presently there would be no De Moleyns of Streamstown. His son Jasper had died in the Australian goldfields, whither he had gone some time in the 'sixties in search of the gold that should save Streamstown. It was after that the seas had gone over the old man's head. When he emerged at last, buffeted and blind, but yet unbeaten, it was with only a slice of his patrimony between him and the poorhouse.

By comparison with her old friend, Lady Madge was rich. The charges on Streamstown had crippled it even in the days of its prosperity. Now they almost pushed its owner out of doors. He was a cheerful, benignant old man, with a cheek like a robin's breast and pretty manners. Often of late, as he played at card-games with his old friend, or listened and nodded appreciatively while she swept her harp with her thin old fingers, a shadow had fallen on his face, which distressed Cecilia when she happened to be standing by. Lady Madge was generally oblivious of things that did not closely concern herself.

But usually Cecilia was at work in her garden, the garden that offered its bouquet of fragrance and colour to Lady Madge while it kept the gardener in health. If it were not for the garden, Cecilia must have withered in the dim house, amid the old lives. In the garden, young life sprang incessantly. The birds sang there, the smell of the freshly turned mould was sweet. Sometimes an air blew into it from the mountains. The blue sky and the stars were above it, and moonlight; or a gas-lamp amid the trees in the lane made an exquisite illusion.

The garden made the girl's cheeks so firm, if they were pale. The garden at times blew vagrant roses into her cheeks. It gave her sweet hunger for her meals and refreshing sleep at night. It made her thoughts quiet and calm. Often enough there was cause for disquietude when poverty pressed them hard; but the hours in the open air, the witness that the earth and the air, the birds and the flowers, the miraculously recurring trees and grasses, bore to the omnipotence of God made her tranquil. There were moments when Lady Madge, who was carefully guarded from all trouble, called her great-niece insensible.

"A careless hussy," she called her, without stinting her phrases, to her old friend and crony. This was when she discovered that something or other had disappeared—her Mechlin lappets, Sir Jocelyn's punch-bowl that was two hundred years old, her seed-pearl brooch with the amethyst in the middle, the very last half-dozen of silver spoons dating from William and Mary.

It was not often that she remembered to ask for things. Her memory was not what it had been, and the rooms she occupied were so crowded up with bric-à-brac that one might marvel if anything could be missed. Only the crony and the old servants knew how very bare the rooms were beyond those used by Lady Madge. One by one the things had gone to keep a roof over Lady Madge's head and food and wine on her table, to preserve her old age its peace and refinement. The crony knew, and would lay his old hand, knotted and stained, upon the lady's little ivory claw when she denounced her niece. His own hours of peace and comfort were just those he spent with his old friend. At Streamstown the wolf grinned in the doorway. To the old man Cecilia showed like a guardian-angel.

About Lady Madge's neck there hung always a long chain holding a miniature of herself set with pearls. It showed her as she had been

at her loveliest—the delicious colour, the thin, delicate, arched brows, the eyes that looked and looked away, the soft, smiling lips, between bunches of curls that gave a nun-like shadow to the face. A gauze scarf floated back from her milky shoulders. Her white satin gown was skimpy and short-waisted. Lady Madge looked in no mirrors in these latter days. When she would see herself she looked at the miniature or at her old lover's faithful eyes.

"You remember, my friend," Lady Madge would say to the crony, "that it was so the mad poet sung me. They say he became of considerable notoriety in England afterwards. It was a pretty thing he wrote for me."

Then she would draw her harp to her and sing—

"Music when soft voices die
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours when sweet violets sicken
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose-leaves when the rose is dead
Are heaped for the beloved's bed:
And so thy thoughts when thou art gone
Love itself shall slumber on."

She would let her hands drop from the instrument with a conquering smile dawning in her eyes.

"He was a pretty fellow, De Moleyns," she would say, "and ye were all wild because I played at revolution with him. It cost me a year of Sir Denis's friendship: but we made it up. What was a mad poet with a face like a lady's to a man with the beautifully turned calf that Sir Denis had on him till the day he died? And six-foot-two in his stockings! Dear me, he was a man! When he fell to cursing, the grooms fled before him; but the dogs and horses adored him."

She would nod her smiling old head at the portrait of Sir Denis above the mantelpiece. Looking at his red, furious face, one could imagine that he would roar like a bull of Bashan.

Below the portrait hung a miniature of the poet, encircled with seed-pearls and French paste. It had not hung there in Sir Denis's time. The face is the whole world's now—the face of a woman, as Lady Madge had said, drooping, delicate, oval, with full-lidded eyes, a long, straight nose, lips like a Cupid's bow, but a dome-like forehead amid the masses of curls.

"You played at revolution with him—yes," the crony would say, "because you knew that in your gown of white poplin embroidered with silver shamrocks none could resist you. You remember the balcony in Sackville Street, whence he flung his seditious pamphlets, and you kept handing him others as those were scattered?"

"I remember. Somewhere, unless that minx, Cecilia, has rid me of them, as she has rid me of better things, should be a stack of his rubbish. I will say for him that he lashed Castlereagh with his tongue. A pretty fellow—a pretty fellow; but I take shame to myself for the part I played. He had more than one wife, if the truth were told; and I showed myself with him only to madden my lovers."

"Beauty like yours could do no wrong," the old lover would say.

Cecilia had heard the tale, and many another such, smiling absently to herself about them. The stack of the mad poet's seditious essays had not gone the way of mortality. She knew where it lay in a chest lined with sandal-wood that bore a date, 1607. She had been minded to turn them out once to make way for Lady Madge's perishable fineries, but she had spared them for the sake of the poet who had written beautiful things, as even she knew, yet nothing to be compared to Tom Moore and his melodies.

It was true that both Lady Madge and Mr. Humphrey De Moleyns had lived too long. A day came when Mr. Humphrey did not appear. Lady Madge was in a tremor, as though, at last, she was aware that Death's lean fingers were knocking at her door. Cecilia must go at once to Streamstown to inquire.

Cecilia went, as fast as trains could carry her. She found Mr. Humphrey in his dressing-gown, shivering over a handful of embers, a bowl of whey at his elbow. He looked blue and pinched, but greeted her with the gallant manner which should be his till his death. A touch of ague—he waved away the talk of his illness; he would be himself again presently, and would be at Lady Madge's and Miss Cecilia's service.

Old Terence, Mr. Humphrey's man, drew Cecilia aside as she would have left the house and whispered a word in her ear. The man was as pinched as his master.

"I would die here and be eaten by the rats to save his Honour's pride," he said. "I can't see *him* starve."

Cecilia's eyes dilated in a whitening face.

"Be ready to leave this house in a quarter of an hour," she said, and flew back to the invalid's side.

By what tender artifices she persuaded him, while leaving him in ignorance that she had discovered his secret, I shall not tell here. Her quickened, ardent pulses had not had time to resume their normal quiet beating before she had Mr. Humphrey, wrapped in great-coats, in a four-wheeler cab, and Terence seated on the box, driving away to the little house in the poor quarter of the city where Lady Madge Chenevix was intrenched against the passage of the years.

What more natural than that Mr. Humphrey's ague should need change from Streamstown, in its rivered valley swathed in trees, to the little house that stood high and dry and looked away to the mountains, whatever else its disadvantages?

Mr. Humphrey was comfortably fed and seated *tête-à-tête* with his eternal charmer before Cecilia asked herself how she was going to provide for those other two helpless old lives that had suddenly been placed on her hands. She stood in thought in her bare little room.

Through the open window there came the murmur of voices from an adjoining room, where the old lovers were talking. It was crossed by Terence's cracked voice singing "The Bench of Rushes" from the butler's pantry below, where he was helping Phelimy to clean the plate.

She remembered the beatitude of peace on Mr. Humphrey's face as she had led him into the house.

"It was lonely at Streamstown," he had said to her, "with only Terence and myself and the ghosts, and the house fallen in ruins. If but my boy Jasper had lived or had left a son."

"You are not going back there any more," said Cecilia, with tender, quick peremptoriness. "I take blame to myself that I left you so long."

They were talking of her, and now and again her own name floated to her in Mr. Humphrey's voice. It was a grievance of Mr. Humphrey's that his son Jasper had not lived and had a son to marry Cecilia.

She stood a few minutes thinking, with her hands pressed against her brows. Then she noticed a newspaper at her feet. It belonged to Mr. Humphrey. Someone whom he had entertained in old plentiful days at Streamstown yet sent him the *Morning Post*. She picked it up and smoothed it out with mechanical tidiness, shaking it daintily free of the dust it had not contracted on her white floor. Her eye rested on a paragraph; read it without comprehension, read it again comprehending. It was an account of a sale at Sotheby's. Then she flew to the oak chest where the mad poet's seditious pamphlets had lain so long, lifted it, and looked. The tall stack was still there undisturbed. A light dust lay on the topmost title-page.

She had heard of book-worms and such creatures. In the ancient, unused libraries of the Irish country-houses it was common enough to find a book riddled by their devastations. She lifted a pile of the pamphlets. Thanks to the sandal-wood chest, they were as intact as the day they were printed. In a sudden passion of thanksgiving she pressed her lips on "An Address to the Irish People."

The treasure-trove did all but reduce its own value in the market. However, it brought a great price, its several parts finding their way to the libraries of American millionaires chief among the collectors. When the mad poet's "Address to the Irish People," some hundreds of copies of it, had been sold, there was no more need for Cecilia to press her aching brows for a solution of the problem as to how she was to find bread for her helpless flock of old people. Why, she and they were suddenly rich! Old Lady Madge, when her niece informed her of what she had done, took the transaction calmly. "The English are always mad," she said; "as mad as their poets. He was never comparable to Tommy Moore—indeed, his verses were poor things to my mind, except those he addressed to myself. His Mary was as mad as himself. His Harriet was a house-maid. As for his Emily . . . Pooh, he never loved but me!"

However, the romance of Cecilia's life was not to be bound up and finished with those old people, for, some two years after the "Address to the Irish People" had proved golden, there appeared on the scene a certain Lawrence De Moleyns, a blue-eyed, sun-burnt, cheery giant of a young man, who claimed to be Mr. Humphrey's grandson. And Mr. Humphrey had no sooner laid eyes on him than he fell into his arms, declaring that he was Jasper come alive again. So that there was no need of proof of identity, and that was as well, since the digger who had taken Jasper's widow and Jasper's child to his own hut, and had kept them in a jealous secrecy and worked for them with a silent and passionate devotion, had only yielded up the secret on his death-bed.

Anyhow, the young man came into the house where hitherto everyone had been old but Cecilia, old and quiet, like a great wind from the mountain-tops. His putative father had done him no more injustice after he had robbed him of his kin, but had made him rich and reared him as a gentleman and sent him to college, and surrounded his tender years with lessons of honour and honesty, the more scrupulously, perhaps, because he felt he had failed in both.

One of Mr. Lawrence's first actions was to pay off the charges on Streamstown and hand it back to Mr. Humphrey, free and unburdened. His next was to restore the glories of the old mansion, and this occupied him all one long, happy winter, during which Cecilia must be as much at his beck-and-call as hitherto she had been at the old people's. And it was surprising how patient the old people were about it, even the exacting Lady Madge forbearing to grumble.

As for Cecilia, the winter wind through which she drove, wrapped warmly in rugs of regal fur, by the side of Lawrence De Moleyns, seemed to blow the most exquisite roses of youth and joy into her face.

And when the house was finished even to the least detail, and at last the old people were driven, on a soft, spring-like day, to behold it, Lawrence De Moleyns lifted Cecilia across the threshold.

"It is the way for a bride to enter the house," he said to the surprised and beaming old couple, "and she only waits your blessings to fix our marriage-day."

But he would not hear of their returning to the old house amid the slums. Streamstown, opened to the south, cleared of some of its encroaching centuries of woodland, was another place from the decaying house of memories it had been. To Lady Madge's new rooms had been conveyed surreptitiously so many of her treasures, some bought back, others, like Sir Denis's picture and the mad poet's, never far out of her sight, that she was heard to say the new home was more homelike than the old.

But it was Cecilia's tender thought to give the old house and its garden as a crèche for the children of the poor, and the project had Lady Madge's entire assent. In these latter days she can find no fault with Cecilia, nor, for the matter of that, with Cecilia's husband or Cecilia's son.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



I AM able to prophesy a really wonderful production of "Richard the Second" at His Majesty's to-morrow week. I have just seen, among other things, a spirited rehearsal of the stirring and pathetic Abdication Scene. Bacon or no Bacon, perhaps I may be allowed to remark that, as Mr. Tree and his splendid Company rendered this scene, I felt more than ever that the author, whoever he was, must have been considerably "influenced" by Kit Marlowe's similar scene in his "Edward the Second."

But this by the way, and strictly without prejudice as regards Bacon, Marlowe, and Shakspeare. What I wish to point out is that, for beauty and costliness of *mise-en-scène*, and for strength of the Company concerned, Mr. Tree's production of "Richard the Second" gives every promise of outrivalling Charles Kean's memorable production at the Princess's, which production has hitherto held the record in this connection. The general costumes, the armour, the heraldic devices, and so forth, especially in the great "Gage of Battle"

will next Saturday afternoon, and at certain other matinées, present "Tom Pinch," as Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker's mediæval drama is too elaborate and involves too much histrionic strain to be given twice a-day.

Strangely enough, certain paragraphists in the dailies have just been referring to "Tom Pinch" as though it were a brand-new adaptation from Dickens. This is very wide of the truth. "Tom Pinch" was written a score of years ago by the late Lewis Clifton Lyne (playwright and critic), in collaboration with Mr. J. J. Dilley. Mr. Dilley wrote several pieces with Lyne, who was a cousin of the Rev. Joseph Leycester Lyne, long known to the world as "Father Ignatius." "Tom Pinch" was written for the now touring Mr. Thomas Thorne to play at the Vaudeville, and it was a good while later that Mr. Willard acquired the play and acted it in America.

As to "The Cardinal," and also as to Mr. Cecil Raleigh's



A SCENE FROM "THE REDSKINS," AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch" by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside.

Scene, will help to provide the finest stage-show ever witnessed, not only in our time, but far anterior thereto.

Sir Henry Irving, who once or twice prepared to stage "Richard the Second" at the now Balclutha-like Lyceum, had, as I know, gathered together a mass of splendid designs for the *mise-en-scène* to this play. But I did not remember, even in this great Shaksperian enthusiast's "studies," anything to outrival Mr. Tree's preparations.

I may tell you that, until a week or so ago, Mr. Tree was doubtful whether, after all, to produce "Richard the Second" in the autumn, as he had contemplated, or whether he would put it aside until after he had produced the American-made Japanese tragedy, "The Darling of the Gods." Mr. Tree's recent uncertainty on this point was, as he told me, due to the fact that at least a couple of Japanese plays had just been reported as being ready for London production. As, however, certain other arrangements have just been made as regards these other "Jap" pieces, Mr. Tree has resolved still to produce "Richard the Second" first and "The Darling of the Gods" second.

Mr. E. S. Willard, who, if all goes well, will have produced "The Cardinal" at the St. James's by the time these lines are printed,

new Drury Lane drama named "The Flood-Tide," certain folk are still claiming the respective titles, and much correspondence has ensued and is likely still to ensue. I am now expecting another new play-title to be claimed, namely, that of the drama to be produced by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal next Monday in the provinces. This piece is called "After All," which is the then old play-name that was chosen for the adaptation of Lytton's "Eugene Aram" prepared a year or so ago for Mr. Martin Harvey by those two enthusiastic ecclesiastical playwrights, the Rev. Freeman Wills and the Rev. Frederick Langbridge.

In addition to this fresh "After All" business, I shall not be surprised to hear of more "Sapho" injunction-claims. My reason for supposing this is that yet another adaptation of Daudet's not too savoury story was, a day or two ago, "copyrighted" in the Isle of Man. Thanks to the "long arm of coincidence," Miss Olga Nethersole was that very day playing her much-protected "Sapho" drama in the very same island—nay, in the very same town. Miss Nethersole, who is playing to enormous business on tour, is this week at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, which playhouse was sometime run by the late Sir Augustus Harris.

KEY-NOTES

THERE can be no doubt that the Promenade Concerts mean something that constitutes really a most educative character for the London public at large. Mr. Henry Wood is a singularly fine musical thinker, but he is so good an artist that he is by no means inclined to put his art in front of the musical necessities of the general public. This is, of course, by no means to make

any possible point against him; and it will be found that all his programmes, though they often appeal to popular instincts, do not ever contain any work of which the keenest artist might feel at any time ashamed.

It was, doubtless, for such reasons as these that Mr. Wood gave us Rossini's Overture to "William Tell" and Grieg's "Peer Gynt" Orchestral Suite on two separate days last week. Both were played with an exquisite sense of what George Bernard Shaw once called "their somewhat moderate attack upon the sensational outposts of music." Mr. Wood, who certainly fulfils,



MISS ADELA VERNE, THE 'CLEVER PIANIST.'

Photograph by Charles H. Noble, Toronto.

to our mind, the ideal of the most ambitious among conductors, is always surprising when he brings these little, tense things to a complete and obviously popular success; yet he is quite sincere in the doing of it, and thereby his reputation is greatly and naturally enhanced.

Nevertheless, if one wants to understand Mr. Wood at quite his summit of development, it is to Tschaikowsky that one must turn; that composer's Overture, quite simply entitled "1812," was given at Queen's Hall with so remarkable a sentiment of musical bigness the other night that herein Mr. Wood proved himself to be a conductor of the greatest physical accomplishment, as one who revels in the delight of mere size (from the musical point of view), and who certainly realises such a sense of mere largeness, which seems now to be growing constantly upon the musical world.

It is a very curious fact that now for some many years—in fact, a complete and rounded century—the idea of musical size has been growing upon composers; Mozart himself has left a letter on record, written to his father, in which he especially dwells upon the "noise" which his orchestra made. Yet there are some of us who complain that any noise which exceeds Mozart's ideal is practically outside the dominions of genuine art. Is it? A theory is obviously proved by history to be nothing more than a matter of mere mental adjustment; it may be left at that. One would be doing Mr. Wood an injustice to suppose that he did not realise these comparative facts; Tschaikowsky outbidded his desire for popularity, and it may be questioned if his excess was justified by his desire.

Madame Ella Russell has (according to a private account which has reached the present writer) made a really enormous success in her singing of Mr. Landon Ronald's setting of certain selected words from Shelley's poem, "Adonais." Mr. Ronald, in this composition, which is published by Messrs. Enoch and Sons, has proved himself to be that which the present critic has for a long time believed him to be, an artistic composer of high and fine merit. Mr. Ronald has, as everybody knows, occupied himself very largely with the social aspect of music, and there is no doubt that such an attitude has somewhat deflected from his position as an artist in the modern musical world. To his friends this has been on occasions matter of some regret; but there can be no question but that in his new work he has proved that he has a right to rank with that excellent and still youthful school which is beginning at the present moment to prove the possibility of greatness in English musical art. The pioneers—Sir Alexander

Mackenzie, Sir Hubert Parry, and others—have shown us, despite much opposition and much curiously unmeaning ill-feeling, how seriously English musical art may still be cultivated; Mr. Ronald, Mr. German, Mr. Cyril Scott, and others are showing us that the torch of music is still alight in the land. . . . [One does not, of course, mention such a name as that of Edward Elgar, for the simple reason that he lives within the seclusion of another chapter altogether; he dwells among the great artists of the world.]

COMMON CHORD.

Miss Adela Verne has rapidly established herself among the leading pianists of the day, and of late London audiences have been enjoying her really unusual gifts at a series of concerts where this clever young lady has been pitted against some of our most noted musicians. It has been said that a great pianist, like a poet, is born, not made; but, as an actual fact, no career open to a woman demands more strenuous work and untiring effort. Miss Adela Verne is a case in point, for to her natural musical genius she has added the infinite capacity for taking pains.

The Countess of Limerick, always one of the foremost supporters of the military charities, organised a Grand Concert in Dublin last week in aid of the Soldiers and Sailors' Help Society. This was patronised by their Excellencies the Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Dudley, and was given in the Large Concert Hall of the Royal University, by permission of the Senate. The artists included Mdlle. Le Noir, Miss Regina Nagel, Mr. Joseph O'Mara, Mr. Gordon Cleather, and Herr Foerster, the famous Hungarian pianist. Lady Limerick herself contributed a pianoforte solo, while her sister Miss Burke Irwin, was also numbered



MISS BURKE IRWIN, SISTER OF LADY LIMERICK.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

among the performers. Before her marriage the Countess was one of the keenest sportswomen in Ireland, and she and her sister were often seen in the hunting-field together. They are both accomplished musicians also, as might well be expected of the daughters of one of the best-known and most ancient Irish families



The Motor Bill—Licences—The Dust Problem.

THE Motor-car Act, 1903, comes hot from the King's Printers just as it finally left the House of Lords, where their High Mightinesses lacked the spirit to back their own opinion and refuse endorsement to the measure when it returned to them laden with a speed-limit of which they had strongly disapproved—and an absurd speed-limit at that. Whatever may be said or written to the contrary, automobilists all up and down the country must feel that their interests have been more or less betrayed by those who should most fully have guarded them. But, however wild the Act, we must read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest in order that we may arrive at a complete knowledge of the situation into which it has landed us. It must be understood that, according to this Act, a car may not be driven anywhere or at any time upon the public roads at a speed exceeding twenty miles per hour. But a person shall not be convicted for contravention of this regulation merely upon the opinion of one witness, which is a sort of concession, but a very poor one, as the men most qualified to estimate speed by observation will always tell you that to give a correct estimate within two to five miles per hour is practically an impossibility. Yet the opinion of a conviction-craving constable, backed by the estimate of a beer-bribed tramp, will be enough for some of our magistrates.

The Act provides that if an automobilist is to be prosecuted under the speed section, he must be warned of such intention at the time, or have a notice sent to him, or to the owner of the car as entered on the register, within twenty-one days of the committal of the alleged offence. This, to my mind, is the most bitterly outrageous part of the whole measure. You are obliged to exhibit your number for all the world to see, and it is open to any evil-disposed person to quietly note same down as you pass him, impress one or more people equally motorphobic with himself to assert you were overrunning the limit, and to serve you three weeks afterwards with a notice that it is his intention to prosecute you. What our so-called automobile members were doing or thinking about when they allowed this most objectionable and oppressive section to pass into law is a thing no "fellah" will ever understand. How is it possible for a man who drives much to remember the particular incidents and phases of the passage of a certain section of road three weeks ago when he may have covered from one thousand five hundred to two thousand miles since the alleged infraction? It is both childish and wicked to put such power into the hands of the fatuously prejudiced,

who not only can prefer the charge and prosecute it, but through their kind can sit in judgment thereon.

Automobilists who have hitherto paid two guineas for the licence for their car will now find that they have to shell out twenty shillings for the privilege of branding their private vehicle with a number (this sum goes into the coffers of the County Council or County Borough) and a further sum of five shillings for a personal licence. It is to be hoped that these numbering and personal licences will be obtainable

at the post-offices, for if we are handed over to County Council officials for this purpose we shall wallow in circumlocution till the very name of automobile is abhorrent to us. Then, again, the personal licence must be produced by any person driving a motor-car when demanded by a police-constable. That means that the very gentry who have shown themselves so rabid from magisterial benches can stir up their Chief Constables to instruct their officers to stop every motor-car they meet and demand the production of the licence out of sheer cussedness and naught else. Whether this kind of tyranny will be put into operation remains to be seen, but this precious Act makes it possible, and in some districts, Huntingdon, *par exemple*, it is highly probable.



MISS VERA BUTLER, ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE AËRO CLUB.
MISS BUTLER HAS MADE TEN "FREE" BALLOON ASCENTS, AND WAS ALSO ONE OF THE FIRST LADY AUTOMOBILISTS TO DRIVE HER OWN CAR.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

The dust problem is always with us, and on every dry day presses for solution. The majority of writers upon the subject insist that amelioration of the nuisance—for a nuisance to all and sundry it undoubtedly is—must come from some change in the surfacing of the roads; but, although this may obtain more or less in towns and villages, it can never, on the score of expense, apply to the highways

of the open country. Personally, I do not despair of something effective being done from the car. As things stand at present, owners can do much to reduce the trouble to outsiders and themselves if they will clear the under-side of the floor of their cars from obstruction to the free passage of air as much as possible. The projection downward of crank-chambers, gear-boxes, silencers, and petrol-tanks, with the spaces between, all tend to create whirls and eddies of air which largely increase the volume and density of the dust-cloud raised. The clearer the run underneath the car, the less dust will be raised. Further, I think something more can be effected by pressure-jet water-sprays directed on to the ground at the point of contact with the wheels, but the details of this suggestion would require more space than I may afford it here. It is under experiment.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Fixtures—The Autumn Handicaps—Doncaster—Barred Meetings—Jumping.

I MUST say the racing fixtures have been very badly arranged by the Stewards of the Jockey Club this year. Take the meetings for this week, for instance. Racegoers attend Derby on the Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, then go to Kempton on the Friday, and to Sandown on the Saturday. True, the "Parks" get their share of the fixtures, but an arrangement might easily be come to by which two days could be allotted to each meeting at the one time. A one-day fixture does not pay, as a rule, and it is very hard lines on the refreshment contractors, and on the touts and others whose work is so much appreciated by the sporting public. Further, it is a source of big expense to the Post Office people, who have to fix their wires and their instruments for a single day's work. Having had my grumble, I will now get on to the horses. At Derby I think St. Brendan will win the Peveril of the Peak Plate; Lady Help ought to win the Champion Breeders' Plate. For the Kempton Meeting I like Startling for the Earlsfield Handicap, and Goma ought to win the Waterloo Nursery.

The weights for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire will be made known on Thursday, and they should attract more than the usual attention. The acceptances will be published, as usual, just before the start for the St. Leger, and wise men will not speculate on these races until the declarations of forfeit have become known. I am told on the highest authority that the little silver punters have dabbled in the double event more than ever this year, although the Continental List men, after the experience gained over the victory of Ballantrae last year, have offered very cramped prices on the present occasion. I am told that the two best-backed horses for the Cesarewitch are Valve, who has missed many engagements of late, and Rightful, who ran third last year. For the Cambridgeshire, Hackler's Pride and Burses are the "sharps" tips. I hope Zinfandel will be given a fair weight in the long race, as the public want to see Lord Howard de Walden's colt started. I notice that Roc O'Neill has been entered in both races, and, if my early information about this colt may be relied upon, he must not be made a loser.

As the time approaches for the holding of the autumn meeting on the ancient Town Moor, excitement in the neighbourhood of good butterscotch and bad drains grows apace, and, according to the last

from the spot, a biggest attendance on record is expected on Sept. 8 and three following days. It is hoped that His Majesty the King may attend the meeting on each of the four days. Anyway, all the big houses in the neighbourhood will be filled with visitors, and the railway companies are laying themselves out to battle with records.

The race for the St. Leger will not be the most interesting of the series, yet there is the chance of an upset, and I shall throw in my lot with the King's colt, Mead, who, according to my own Newmarket man, has come on by leaps and bounds of late. I did not quite like Rock Sand's running in the Eclipse Stakes, and I cannot bring myself to fancy Vinicius. I am told that William Rufus will run well at Doncaster, as he should to judge from his recent displays. However, I shall take Mead, with H. Jones up, to beat the lot.

I learn with surprise that many of the leading London starting-price commission-agents positively decline to do business at certain meetings. The matter is rather a serious one, and certainly should be taken by the Stewards of the Jockey Club as a hint to inquire into the running of horses at the meetings I refer to. I have no doubt the Stewards could get a list of the fixtures barred by the bookies; and this they ought to do, and to inquire into the reason for the boycott. I do not suggest that the barred meetings lack efficient Stewards, but there is something wrong somewhere, and the wrong ought to be righted forthwith.

According to all accounts, given fine weather, we are in for an exceptionally busy season under National Hunt Rules. His Majesty the King has one or two steeplechasers in training, notably the famous Ambush II., and it is rumoured that the Prince of Wales intends to run a jumper or two this winter. The Duke of Westminster, who is very fond of steeplechasing, will have a long string of jumpers, and many flat-race owners intend giving their money a fly in the air. I do hope the National Hunt Stewards will put their house in order and alter their rules so that they may

be understood of the people. A drawback to the winter game is the complicated conditions under which it is run. It requires a lifetime's education before one can enter a horse with any certainty of its being valid, whereas the simple rule of registration could easily be applied and make the matter an easy one. Only known authorities, too, should be chosen as Stewards.

CAPTAIN COE.



M YARDLEY (O. MADDEN UP), WINNER OF THE GREAT EBOR HANDICAP.



THE STANDS AND MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE.

THE YORK MEETING.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

NOTHING can be more dreary than a stay in a country-house miles from anywhere when the rain it raineth every day, making even the thought of an outdoor excursion impossible. Men, of course, have billiards and the smoke-room, but the mere woman has perforce to seek relief in fancy-work. Nobody does any needlework in London, of course. Equally of course, everybody provides herself with some peculiar achievement in embroidery, silks, or ribbons as the autumn season comes round and country-house visits mark time between August and April. I personally could stock a bazaar stall with uncompleted ambitions in fancy-work, and, judging from the spasmodic skirmishings with silk and needle which I see around, other people share the taste for such brave beginnings that, like the Government roads in Ireland, lead nowhere and never get finished. Dames of past generations have left behind them hideous symbols of misplaced industry in the shape of Berlin-woolwork crudities, "crazy" patch-works, abominations in floral water-colours, and various versions of that manufactory of tannic-acid poison still known in Suburbia as the tea-cosy. But nowadays we finish nothing, and mediocre methods and miniature manufactures such as our grandmothers gloried in and our maiden aunts practised are gone from amongst us.

We have other things on hand—and in mind, restless moderns that we are—and so the smaller arts and crafts are relegated to wet afternoons away from home and rarely reach beyond them. There is no doubt that the Briton is a Conservative and will remain so even when the present Administration dies from inanition (as it has been some time doing) and a new order enters—else why should all British fashion-papers trail long outdoor garments across their pages when every woman with an ounce of fashionable intelligence, and a pound to supplement it with, is wearing her autumn frocks frankly short, and has done so for quite two months, even in this slow-moving island? As far back as last February, every woman on the Terrace at Monte Carlo wore her neat and exquisitely hung short skirt—always excepting a few of the aforesaid British. A wet summer has, moreover, helped the mode into definite acceptance, and yet it is only the up-to-date who exploit the walking-dress of eight months' healthy growth and well-established acceptance.

Friends at Ostend have supplied a small excitement by accounts of two or three courageous ladies who have adorned themselves in a mitigated form of crinoline, and appeared on the Plage and Kursaal therein before tittering audiences. The story goes that the fiat of early Victorian fashions has gone forth, and that the mode-makers have sent forth emissaries armed *cap-à-pie* to spread the gospel of that unornamental period even unto the crinoline and pendulous ear-rings of the 'forties. That the former will not be freely admitted to our forms in London may be taken as granted; the latter are already in for

an established revival. Women have begun to realise that ear-rings are becoming, and that being admitted, the rest is accorded. Returning to the subject of the *trottoir* skirt for a minute, one result of its universal acceptance will be in the increased care bestowed on footwear.

So many women are content to wear shoes with long dresses, but these, however smart, never look as workmanlike or well-dressed as well-fitting boots, added to which the ankle betrays a tendency to spread, which is nothing more or less than disastrous to the ideal anatomy. Boots are, again, no longer the expensive luxury they used to be before our Gallic and Transatlantic friends took the subject of pedal extremities in hand. English manufacturers have made astonishing strides in the last few years, and there is at present one firm in Northampton alone—that of A. E. Marlow—which actually produces ten thousand pairs of one speciality each week. It says something for the "Oceanic" boot, the uniform price of which is, by the way, only half-a-guinea the pair, that its sale has leaped from one hundred pairs weekly to the astonishing number of ten thousand. The boot is quite smart-looking, too, having "a raised, blocked toe," and wears, I am assured, more than merely well. From all of which it would seem as if the extravagant prices one was wont to pay for *chic* chaussures are, in these days of industrial progress and skill, no longer necessary.

Progress, which projects its spirit into all places and things nowadays, has invested the wearing of jewellery with a new interest since the discovery of a principle which, as applied to rings, bracelets, and other forms of adornment, promises to set at naught the evil effects of rheumatism. The "Anti-Rheu-Gem" jewellery, to quote the pamphlet which explains it, "contains all the curative powers of galvanism." The rings and bracelets which diffuse it are besides of artistic and intrinsic value, each one so skilfully constructed as to cause a gentle current of electricity to be conveyed to the wearer, while "the inner lining consists of secret metals, the special combination, construction, and appearance of which constitute the patent." It will be thus easily understood that when the natural heat or moisture of finger or wrist comes in contact with this inner lining, a gentle current is given out *continuously*, which acts beneficially on blood and nerves. All leading jewellers sell it; or it can be had direct, with illus-

trated price-lists, from the Anti-Rheu-Gem Company, Birmingham.

The fashion of low—or no—collars which has taken such a hold of our imaginations over here that even in mid-winter girls refused to part with their collarless, pneumonia blouses has declined in France, where once more the boned lace or ribbon neckgear makes its *rentrée*. White linen collars of the turn-over variety are also omnipresent with the Parisienne for outdoor. In the matter of hats, it is interesting to note that higher crowns also begin to make a tentative appearance after the flat, flatter, flattest modes which we have exploited so long.



A SMART AND USEFUL COAT FOR TRAVELLING.

I have even seen the uncompromising jam-pot crown on some of the very new picture-hats which Paquin imports from day to day.

When people have invested largely in expensive furs, it is, doubtless, a great trial to find them *démodé* after one season's use. Yet such, I fear, will be the fate of those who committed themselves to sable stoles last winter. The pelerine is a declared fashion already, as is the fichu, and to alter the unbending lines of the stole to their well-pronounced curves will need considerable dexterity, not to mention a supplementary cheque. The curious fashion of ribbon ruchings on gowns, which we find described amongst modish methods of the 'forties in *London News* numbers of that period, has again recurred to the memories of fashion-makers. The effect is rather rigid when unsoftened by lace. But that solution of all sartorial difficulties blends admirably, as is its wont, with the notion, and some new autumn-gowns

trimmed with ruched taffeta and insertions of lace present a quite novel and rather fascinating effect as well.



FIRE BRIGADE CHALLENGE SHIELD
PRESENTED BY THE CITY.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EXIGEANT.—I should hesitate in ordering the jacket you describe, as 1830 capes and pelerines will be a distinct vogue this autumn. Velvet, fur, and lace are mixed with great effect by the Paris and Vienna modistes, while the old-fashioned taffeta ruchings and "bugle" fringes also appear on the newest models.

AMERICAN.—Yes, brown will be one of the autumn colours. Nothing goes better with sable and mink. I always like a grey cloth with chinchilla, too, and, though your suggestion of white cloth with ermine sounds very *chic*, you should bear in mind that ermine demands an immaculate complexion. For the evening-gowns you may safely invest in one of the Louis brocades, which are exactly reproduced. Gold and silver tissue are also in the list of "new things," and tea-gowns of the utmost elaboration are also being revived.

SYBIL.

At a recent meeting of the Court of Common Council, it was decided that the Corporation of the City of London should offer a handsome challenge shield and medals to be competed for by the private Fire Brigades employed in the great warehouses and offices. The shield is a very handsome one, the design in the centre, of firemen at work, being in bold relief, and around the edges of the trophy are tablets upon which the names of the winning teams will be inscribed from time to time. This beautiful specimen of the silversmith's art has been made by the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, of 188, Oxford Street, London, W., and 125 and 126 Fenchurch Street, E.C.

His Majesty the King has presented a magnificent silver trophy to the Royal Dorset Yacht Club. Designed and manufactured by the King's Silversmiths, the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, of 112, Regent's Street, W., it is a solid silver cup and cover, the whole heavily gilt.

The body of the cup has exquisitely chased marine foliage; the handles consist of two vigorously modelled sea-horses, while the cover is surmounted by the figure of a young Triton.

The Great Northern Railway Company are, as usual, making very extensive and complete arrangements in connection with this year's Doncaster Races. The ordinary splendid service of nineteen express trains from London (King's Cross) will be fully maintained and many additional expresses will be run. For the convenience of passengers attending Alexandra Park Races,

and not wishing to leave Doncaster until Saturday, Sept. 12, a special express has been arranged to leave Doncaster at 9.39 a.m. on that day which will stop specially to set down passengers at Wood Green.

A new era in the enterprise of our great railway companies will be inaugurated by the opening of the magnificent hotel of the Midland Railway Company at Manchester, which, if reports are true, far surpasses in practical and beautiful detail anything hitherto contemplated in the country. The opening is to take place early this month, and the



AN ELEGANT ROBE-DU-SOIR DECORATED WITH CHENILLE AND PAILLETES BY REDFERN.



TROPHY PRESENTED BY THE KING TO THE
ROYAL DORSET YACHT CLUB.

functions connected therewith will be in keeping with the palatial splendour of the hotel. Among other entertainments there will be a banquet on Friday evening, Sept. 4, to which all the leading representatives of the British, Continental, and American Press will be invited. The following Saturday will be the "Ladies' Day," for which, we understand, over four thousand invitations have been issued. Manchester will not be slow to show its appreciation of the compliment paid to it by the great Company which serves the city so well.

Upon the 4th, M. Lépine's toy-show will open at the Petit Palais in Paris. Since it was founded two years ago by the Prefect of Police, the annual show of home-made and cheap toys has increased in size and success each year, and this year's entries make a record. France is extremely jealous of her neighbour Germany's success in toy-making, and, finding that Germany (Nuremberg more especially, of course) had almost monopolised the trade in cheap toys, M. Lépine conceived the happy notion of arranging a yearly exhibition, with prizes for competitors, in which no toy should cost less than a halfpenny or more than half-a-crown, with the result that Paris's output of cheap toys has increased fourfold. Needless to say, the Humbert case has been the chief inspiration this year for clever mechanism and mechanical effects: Among these are Madame Humbert and a safe which opens to disclose a rabbit ("Poser un lapin" is Paris slang for taking people in), Crawfords of various shapes and sizes, a Cour d'Assises, with tiny lawyers and what not; and many of these things have been made from rubbish which most people throw away, while others are the work of poor men who had no chance of exhibiting their skill and profiting by it till M. Lépine gave them the opportunity.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 9.

PROSPECTS.

AFTER its August holiday month the Stock Exchange stands expectant for something better in September, and, while the prospect of business is still very much on the horizon, there seems to be no reason why the next two Settlements should not be, at all events, better than their two predecessors, than which last, perhaps, it would be difficult to find more quiet ones during the whole

of the past twelve months. Money certainly shows a slight tendency to harden, but even if the Bank Rate should be advanced to 4 per cent., that is a very workable minimum, and, as a rule, does not stand in the way of Stock Exchange trade. It may be taken as assured that the present low level of quotations all round the markets is due chiefly to lack of business, and that a return of confidence on the part of the public would quickly put a very different aspect on the face of affairs.

FOREIGN RAILS.

Writing only three weeks ago, we pointed out the advantages which would probably accrue to buyers of Argentine Railway and Mexican Railway stocks. In the interval there came a slight set-back, but

at the time of writing both markets display considerable buoyancy. This is particularly the case with Buenos Ayres and Rosario and Mexican Railway First Preference stocks, both of which may be said to have had the advantage of more or less adventitious aid. In the case of the Argentine Railway stocks, of course, the remarkably good showing made by the Budget has directed a fresh amount of attention towards the railway stocks of the country which is apparently so flourishing. Again, the Mexican Railway descriptions are decidedly helped by the latest recovery in the price of silver, although the traffics of the line also continue to show good progress. So far as can be seen at present, there is no reason to vary the advice which we ventured to give in the previous number to which we have alluded. Buenos Ayres and Rosario stock should certainly not be bought merely as a speculation for a one per cent. rise. It stands well to the fore in the category of second-class investments which deserve attention from the capitalist who can afford to await his opportunity for securing a handsome profit in times to come. On the other hand, the Mexican Railway First and Second Preferences are very much more mercurial. In their favour, as compared with Buenos Ayres and Rosario, it must be admitted that the bull account in the latter considerably exceeds that which exists in the Mexican stocks; but, as we said previously, it is heart-breaking work to buy Mexican Rails for carrying-over purposes, although we are ready to admit that the prospects favour the chance of an early improvement.

SILVER SECURITIES.

From the discussion of Mexican Rails it is a natural transition to pass to other securities which are influenced so largely by the price of silver. Much to the astonishment of most people, the price of the white metal has shown a tendency to rise in a way which seemed practically impossible only a month or two ago. On this improvement in silver has been chiefly hung the advance in Mexican Rails, Chinese 7 per cent. Bonds, and other varieties which depend upon silver to such a large extent. And in drawing attention to the subject, our particular object is to point out the interesting position of the Chinese Bonds just mentioned. Provided that there is no fall in the price of silver, these Chinese 7 per cent. Bonds look distinctly attractive at their present price of about 92. The nigger in the hedge consists of the fact that both interest and principal are payable in the white metal at the exchange of the day. The tael, which is officially valued for the purpose of this loan at 3s., stands at a discount of about 16 per cent., and, since the redemption of the bonds begins a year hence, it must be borne in mind that calculation of the yield upon one's money has to take into account the possibility of the bonds being paid off before long.

To make the calculation mathematically is, of course, out of the question, since it depends entirely upon the level at which silver may be standing a year hence; but, regarding the question of interest alone, these bonds now pay about $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the capital invested, and the dividends are due on May 1 and Nov. 1. Needless to observe, lending to John Chinaman possesses risks which the old-fashioned investor would not care to face; but for a good return on one's money these Chinese 7 per cent. Silver Bonds are attractive to those who like to put part of their capital into securities whose risk is somewhat compensated for by the high return that is obtainable from them.

THE CHEAPNESS OF CANADAS.

With Grand Trunk Second Preference stock standing a little over par, it cannot be voted that Canadian Pacific shares in the neighbourhood of 127 are anything but cheap. The price was quoted ex-dividend last account-day, and now that the dividend-time is over it may be fairly assumed that Canadas will settle down into a steady stride, broken only by sympathetic fluctuations in company with American Railroad shares as a whole. From the influence of Wall Street it is impossible that Canadas can ever be perfectly free, but, as the shares become more and more absorbed by the investing classes of the community, so will they be less and less useful as targets for the animosities of the bears. The conservative policy which is so strongly marked a trait of the Directors of both the chief Canadian Railway Companies having at last admitted the shares to a 6 per cent. dividend, it is fairly safe to assume that such distribution will be at all events maintained, so far as the Directors are able to form a judgment at such a time as this. The Canadian Pacific was not nearly so prosperous when its shares stood at nearly 150, a goal to which we think the price will approximate again in the ordinary course of events. America, as everyone knows, is a continent of surprises, and Nature may link her forces against the Canadian Pacific in the future even as she has fought so triumphantly for its prosperity during the past year. But, with its huge reserve fund, the Company occupies a splendid position, and at present there is every indication that the prosperity will not only be maintained, but advanced. While Canadas make a good gambling counter for bulls, they make a still better investment for those who have the money to entrust to such a flourishing branch of the Empire's railway world.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

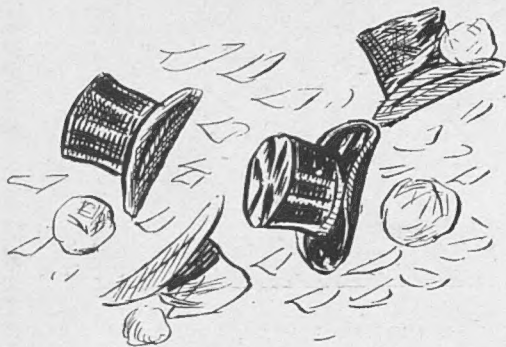
If any sympathetic soul wants really to know how the Israelites felt when they were asked to make bricks without straw, he or she should go to some hard-hearted tyrant of a City Editor and get him to ask for a column of City matter in the final week of August—say 1903, for choice. However, that's neither here nor there, as Mahomet remarked when his coffin got stuck betwixt heaven and earth. But it serves as an introduction, and I am candid enough to confess that the first lines of a column bother me more than all the rest put together—possibly from a feeling that those first lines, at all events, must have "something in them," to quote that scornful Editor again.

Putting this and that together, I really do not see how we can expect to see Consols rise much above their current level for the rest of this year. It is so probable that the Bank Rate will go to 4 per cent. that only heavy Treasury purchases can relieve the Consol market of its stodgy bull account. A well-known authority in Capel Court declared to me the other day that it would take a year at least to eliminate this factor. Allowing 5 per cent. discount on this sweeping statement, there still remains a fairly solid degree of truth in the supposition, because, of course, the people who got in higher up are not going to sell when the stock rises a fraction or so. They will hang on like grim death, and grimmer life, and the market knows the position of the account too well to advance Consols, on its own initiative, to such an appreciable extent as will tempt those tired holders to clear out of their stock. It seems to me that the Railway markets and others which look to Goschens for a lead must throw off their allegiance for a while and launch out into a course "on their own Wild Lone," if anything like substantial improvement is contemplated. "Just so," you may observe, capping the quotation, and I am glad to find you agree with me, even though it be only for the sake of displaying your knowledge of recent literature.

Mention of books sends back one's Stock Exchange thoughts to the days when "House Scraps" made its first bow to members—a bow which many Stock Exchange



A dull market



Markets lively.



Cornering a Bear

men would like to see repeated. The work, which had a private circulation, and strictly limited at that, commands a good premium to-day, and, as a matter of fact, it is almost impossible to lay one's hand upon a copy that is for sale. If there are any unsuspected copies, I should very much like to have the refusal of them. On some former occasion, I think, *The Sketch* published one or two of the cartoons contained in the book, but not, if my memory serves me aright, any of those now displayed. The drawings are from the facile pen of "F. C. G.," who did them especially for "House Scraps," and, apart from the fun of the obvious market applications, they

will appeal to a good many men—in the Stock Exchange, at all events—upon the score of the personalities so genially portrayed. The cartoons, let it be said, are at least sixteen years old, and I have to thank the courtesy both of Mr. Gould and the owner for permission to use the pictures in these pages.

Constant practice in the art of answering questions as to why Kaffirs don't go better should certainly tend towards perfection on the part of the interlocutor. But, as a matter of fact, the outside public know the reasons for the dulness in the market just as well as we do ourselves, and the continued slackness has already raised a doubt whether even the granting permission to import Asiatic labour will render Kaffirs any important assistance. Personally, I take the optimistic view that, when the labour has been introduced, we shall see a very different state of affairs in the Transvaal. I should not care to say that we shall have a boom off-hand; without any desire to adopt that non-committal policy which the financial-journalist gentleman is bound to study, I may say that it appears possible that the big houses will probably want to see how this tremendous experiment works before they resuscitate the Kaffir Circus. In their hands the thing virtually rests. They could inaugurate a boomlet this afternoon if it suited their purpose, but, as I am not in the secret confidence of these said big houses, it is absurd to pretend that I can do more than guess at their intentions, even as you, my gentle reader, are capable of doing. Since, then, the market hangs upon the will of certain magnates, a move from them must be awaited before any remarkable developments occur, but I have no hesitation whatever in continuing to advise purchases of such gold shares as Knights, despite the closed-down mill, of Bonanza, Citys, Wolluters, and similar undertakings, while of the speculative bunch Rand mines look as reasonable as any; nor would it be well to omit Anglo-French from a list of representative Kaffir shares that offer a good scope for improvement in value. As a longer shot, Tanganyikas should be well worth picking up in view of their breathless fall. When shares slump from 25 or 26 to about a sixth of that value they begin to look tempting, even though noble dames should gamble in them and accordingly give the market in the Stock Exchange an air of ultra-caution, nobody knowing what ladies may or may not do when they commence to speculate. However, Tanganyikas for a lock-up might profitably be bought.

The newspapers, at all events, are going nap on better business during September, and, since the Stock Exchange could hardly be much quieter than it was in August, the prophets' reputations cannot suffer very greatly. Instances in which members do not deal for a whole week together are usual: the temptation for the younger men to speculate on their own account is multiplied tenfold by the absence of orders, upon whose execution they rely for their bread-and-butter. And the member who wants to keep abreast of his wealthier neighbour—the ambition that proves fatal to so many of us—finds it an increasingly difficult task to maintain appearances, while the slackness of business forces him to live upon capital that perhaps ought to be kept on one side in case of accidents. Yet the Stock Exchange takes its bad luck with proverbial philosophy. Grumbling, of course, goes on unceasingly, whatever the state of business, but there is no tearing of the hair and fist-shaking at the invisible public. But unless things improve, we may one day see the whole body of thirty Committee-men spring on to a bench and declaim, as was originally done in a quite different connection—

“Now dance, ye markets of evil!
Ho! dance in the name of the devil,
Or out of existence we snuff ye!”

Some surprise has been—is being—manifested that Turkish bonds should have suffered so comparatively slightly in price by reason of the trouble in the Balkans. The cause for the steadiness may be found in the certainty which people feel that, the worse affairs grow in the Near East, the nearer will come the day of reckoning, when the finances of the country will be taken over by the Power or Powers assuming control over Turkey. The state of affairs in the Balkans is a ghastly reflection upon the nominal Christianity of Europe and the civilised world at large. That such things as we read about daily—things that make the blood boil and send the quick hope to the heart that one's feminine folk will be too busy to study the newspapers—that such things can be seems incredible with the Czar, the man of peace, the German Emperor, the Protestant champion, and the Emperor of Austria looking on without striking a blow to end the anarchy which has sprung from what one can only call such damned misgovernment. From a thousand desolate houses the sluggish smoke rises to high Heaven like the incense of a thousand women's anguished sorrow; the red wounds of the little ones cry dumbly for vengeance, and there is none that dare move. In our own land, who is there to stretch forth a hand of help? Chamberlain potters about thinking of fractions on the price of wheat, and the rest of his incapable colleagues—witness the latest war evidences—are as likely to make a move as is the limp-backed Liberal Party. Oh, for a year, a month, a week, of Savonarola, or Gladstone even, or Peter the Hermit, to carry were it but a gleam of hope to those who yet lie quivering before the fears of torture, death—and, in too many cases, what is worse by far than death itself.

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, Aug. 29, 1903.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the “Answers to Correspondents” to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

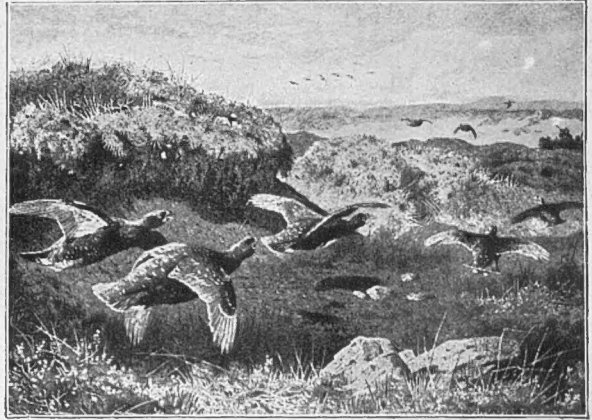
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DOUBTFUL.—We should not care to entrust any of our own money to the Bank you name. The Birkbeck Bank would be much better for your purpose.

O. B.—Of the seven you name, we prefer Anglo-French, and think you would be wise to make the exchange. See our letter from “The House Haunter.”

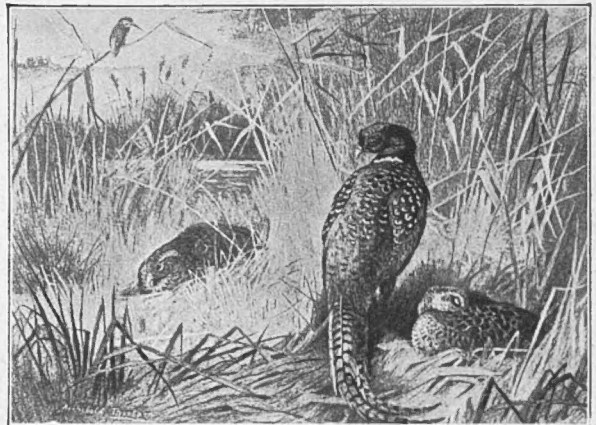
CANADIAN.—No, you are not entitled to the dividend, as the shares were *ex* on April 30.

FINE-ART PLATES.



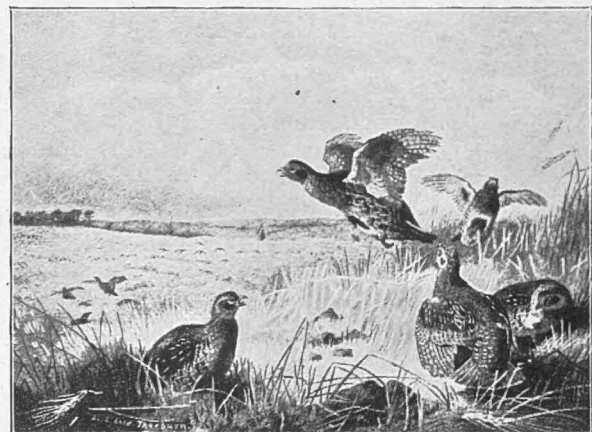
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